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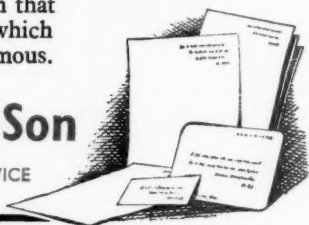
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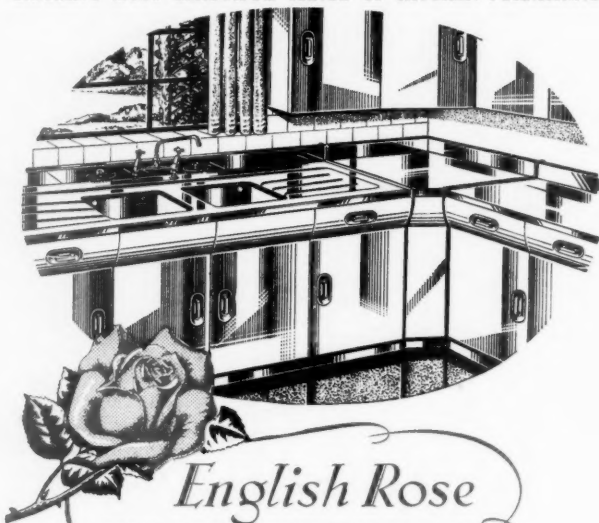
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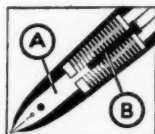


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A special patented ink-trap controls the flow of ink so that the pen, when correctly filled, never fails to write, never leaks or blobs. The unique tubular 14-ct. gold nib is available in a wide range of points. There's one to suit your special needs! The gleaming Lustraloy cap slides on securely without twisting. Within the barrel is hidden a patented self-filler.

At present still in limited supply. Available in Black, Dove Grey, Cedar Blue, and Cordovan Brown. Price 62/6 (plus 13/11 purchase tax).



Notice how the nib (A) is hooded against dirt and damage—only the point shows. The ingenious ink trap (B) enables the pen to "breathe," prevents flooding and leakage.

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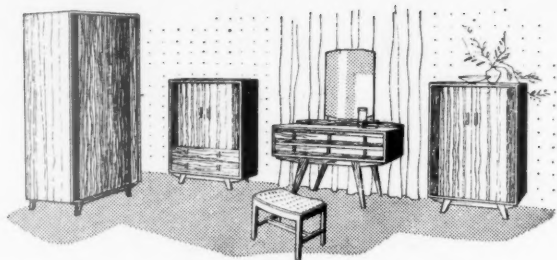
today's shoes - K shoes

This England . . .



Nr. Clifford, Herefordshire

GOOD news it will be when our English farm-house cheese is come to us again. For here is an ancient craft, compound of wisdom and skilled hands in generations of mothers and daughters that their men may be sustained. For must you not know evening from morning milk, the state of the pastures, the very nature of your cows, if you are to make good cheese? Mercifully our new-come "nutritional experts" do favour cheese, but we of this grey-skied isle have long known it for a storage of sunlight — like our beer. For when you are hungered on a country walk do you not know by instinct that a piece of cheese, taken with a measure of tonic Bass (an you call for Worthington 'tis no matter) — will set you, as any earlier pilgrim, uplifted on your way.



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Dressing stool, to match above, covered in tapestry £2. 0. 0

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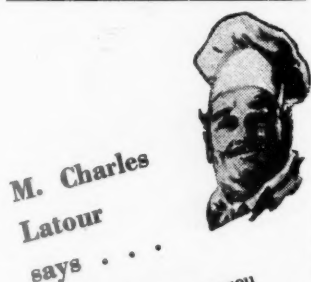
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'Madame! Coffee, as you like it, depends on quantity and quality . . . You ask 'How much?' . . . Ça depend—that depends, breakfast and 'elevenes, 2 level tablespoons to each ½ pint. For 'After Dinner' Coffee, 2 rounded table-spoons . . . and, for quality, Madame, I counsel you—'Fifth Avenue.'"



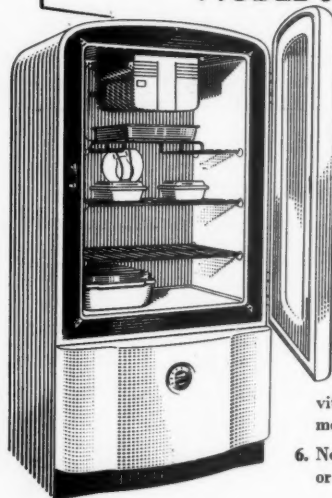
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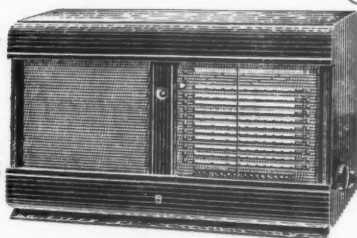
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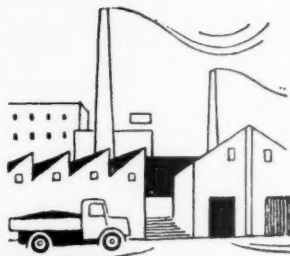
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 $\frac{2}{3}$ Gin and $\frac{1}{3}$ Lillet (with just a dash of
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The debates on this subject have revealed how widespread is this menace to food and property, and the health of the nation. In the House of Lords it

was stated that pests *cause the loss of 2,000,000 tons of food annually in this country.*

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Tygan

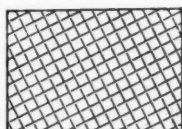
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which this year celebrates its hundredth anniversary, is marking the occasion by a relaxation of its investment restrictions. Until further notice existing shareholders may add any sum to their share accounts, provided the total does not exceed £5,000. New shareholders may invest up to £5,000. (Husband and wife are considered as one for this purpose.)

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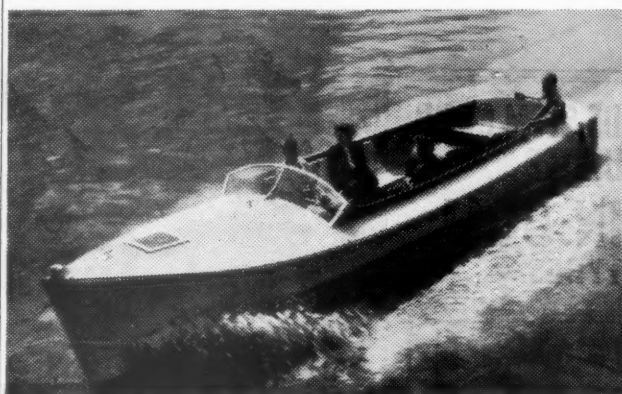


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overheads**

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... we headed for the open sea!

skimming smoothly over the estuary. As we approached the bar, the water grew more lively and our confidence increased as SEA HAWK bounded steadily forward from wave to wave, disdainfully spurning their crests aside—confidence in the staunchness of her fire-proof hull as she dropped chortling into a hollow, to rise again lightly, buoyant as a feather—confidence in a steady purr of the reliable little Ford motor which would drive her 15 miles within the hour, on less than two gallons of petrol—confidence that in the smooth trim lines of her construction were blended the finest materials and years of research resulting in value and approach to perfection hitherto undreamt.

THE MOST ECONOMICAL 26 ft BOAT
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THE *"Sea Hawk"*

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Our prices and terms are in line with present day economic trends and we invite you to call to see our new season's range of fine materials—or to write for our Catalogue 'P'.

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Fully Licenced

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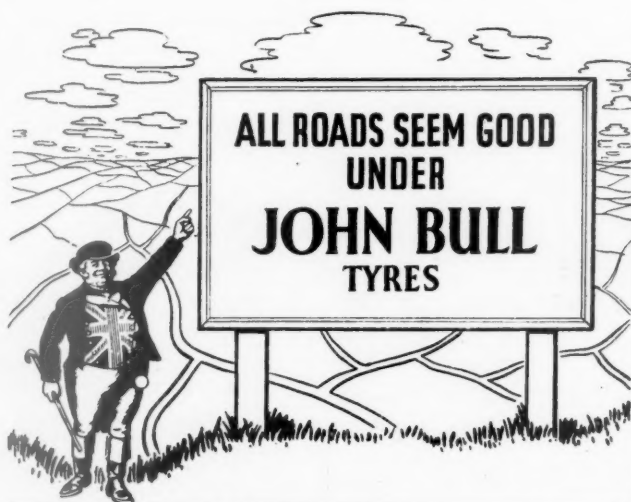
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Used to be a long journey

It's a big hill; steep, curving. No chance to take a run at it. Lorries block you to a crawl. Throttle. Brakes. Throttle. It takes the guts out of a car. And out of a driver, too.

But not this car; not this driver. A clear patch and you put your foot down in 3rd. In a flash the needle says 50 — you're away.

How long have you been travelling now? Two hours? Three hours? Travelling fast — 60, 65, 70, 75. But there's no strain. You're fresh; relaxed.

A corner comes and goes; and another and another. A surprising absence of roll. You work out your average. It's high. Somehow this car grips a bend and straightens it out: comes to a hill and flattens it down.

You sit enjoying it.

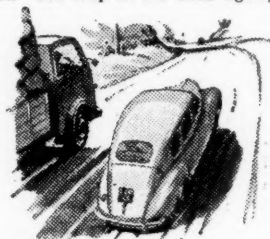
It's a good road now. But there have been bad patches; they got lost in the torsion bar suspension, and not a kick in the steering. Only your eyes noticed.

Two hours to go. The light fades. You snap on the head lights; brightly reassuring in the dusk.

This used to be a long journey. But this car conquers distance.

And what about space? Plenty. You can take up to six with luggage — and still have driving fun.

This car is a waste of money if you don't care what a car does. There's such a lot built into it that doesn't really show until you have it in your hands. Once tried, you'll say 'I'd rather go by Javelin!'

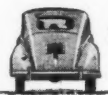


Top speed 78 m.p.h. Acceleration 0-50 in 13½ secs.

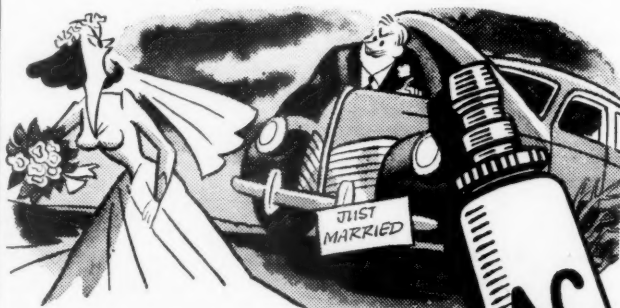
Horizontally opposed flat-four 50 B.H.P. engine.

★ Javelins came 1st and 3rd in the 1949 Monte Carlo Rally, 1½ litre class

1½ LITRE JOWETT JAVELIN



take a good look
when it passes you



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RELAX, MADAM! Harsh words never cured a critical case of "Engine Fatigue"—caused by dirty or faulty plugs that can waste as much as one gallon of petrol in every ten.

CURE: Change to AC plugs today and get more power, more miles to the gallon. For best results, visit an AC Plug Cleaning and Testing Station regularly.

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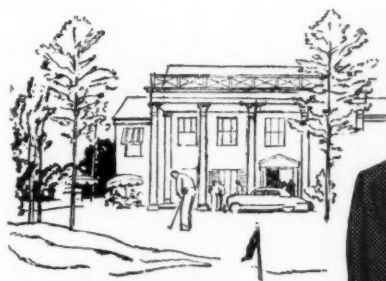
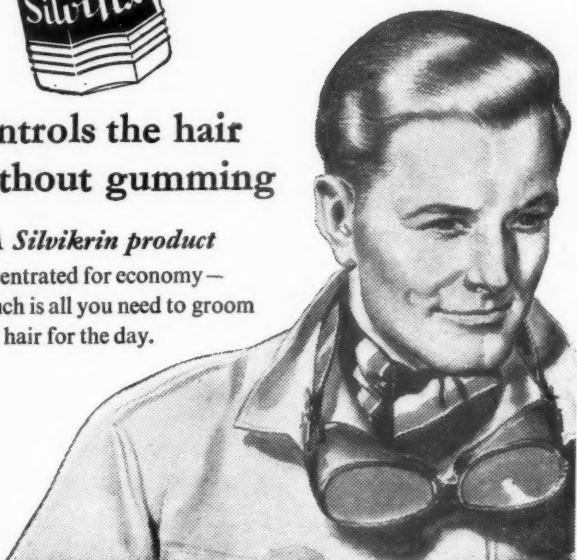
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controls the hair
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A *Silvikerin* product
concentrated for economy —
a touch is all you need to groom
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**Blue Blazer and
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We have a good stock of well
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THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

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Whatever the pleasure



Player's
complete it

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But life doesn't always proceed on this high level, and for every-day occasions nothing is more acceptable than a snap-brimmed Lightweight 'Thatch,' unlined, weight 2½ ozs. In clove brown, olive green, French grey, navy and black. 45/-

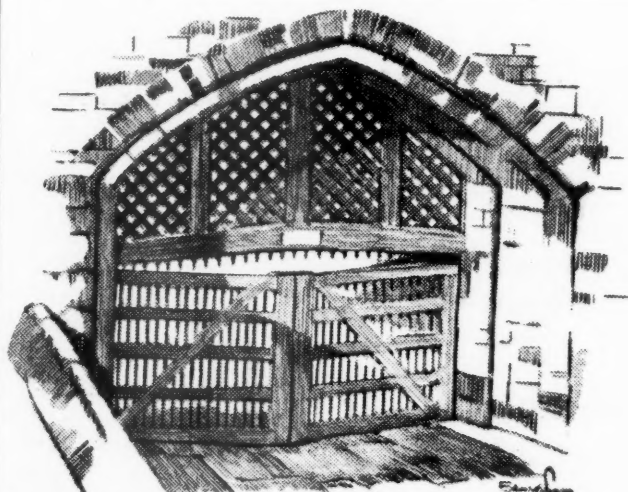


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Ground Floor

Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd

202 Piccadilly London W.1 Regent 2002



Traitors' Gate

At the foot of St. Thomas's Tower in the Tower of London is the notorious Traitors' Gate. Through this dismal gateway entered Anne Boleyn and Lady Jane Grey on their way to imprisonment and subsequent execution.

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TERRY'S the gateway to knowledge of
SPRINGS & PRESSWORK





CHARIVARIA

FOOTBALL and cricket matches were played side by side in a London park last week. There was one awkward moment when a centre-forward got in the way of the wrong throw-in.

A post-office engineer estimates that two hundred telephone-poles are damaged every week by woodpeckers. The birds themselves maintain that this is the wrong number.

An American couple own a tame octopus. They claim that it is the only pet capable of simultaneously holding wool for winding and serving as a hat-stand.

Cosy
"Hearse, lavishly equipped, exclusive fittings and design, highest quality (up-to-date) Coachwork, reasonable cost, immediate delivery, something different and very nice; inspection invited."

Advt. in "The Motor"



"The Secretary of the Union told a reporter to-day: 'We shall answer the Minister's misstatements yesterday.'" — "Edinburgh Evening Dispatch"

Or, perhaps, challenge him to repeat them last week?

The disappearance of escapeologists from the music-hall stage can be explained. They are all to be found on beaches, wriggling out of trunks under cover of their bath-robes.



A correspondent complains that he ordered a two-piece suit with no waistcoat more than six months ago, but that, so far, all he's got is no waistcoat.

A new vacuum-cleaner is pulled instead of pushed. What a boon it must be to the cigarette-smoking housewife, trailing along behind her picking up the ash!

"As a result of the recital given in the — Philharmonic Hall on May 19th by 10 young local pianists, all pupils of Dr. —, a sum of £4 13s. has been handed to the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children." — *Local paper*
Nothing for the people next door?

"ALUMINIUM BARGES"

The new type barges, which will carry up to 600 tons of cargo, have many advantages over their predecessors, chief of which is the fact that they are 100 per cent. lighter." — *Belfast News Letter*
The main difficulty must be to get them down to water-level.

Mr. Stewart MacPherson, it is reported, may take up radio work in America. One theory is that he is looking for boxers who can keep up with his commentaries.

Now is the time of the year when if you give a man enough rope he may possibly get the luggage tied on the car.



A CREAQ CLUB

THE origin of cricket in the North West of London is obscure (I refer to the extreme North West—never mind about St. John's Wood). I find no mention of the word in the Charter of Eadgar the Peaceable in 978, by which five hides of land in Hamstede were given to his minister Mangode, though the document is witnessed by Dunstan, nine bishops, nine abbots and Elfrida the Queen, and forbids the transfer of the donation on pain of punishment in the eternal burnings of Hell.

Equally silent about our great national game is the grant of the same piece of land by Ethelred the Unready to the Church of St. Peter at Westminster in the year 986.

Domesday Book says simply,

"The Abbat holds four hides . . . To the Desmenes appertain three hides and a half, and there is one plough. The villeyns have one plough and could employ another. There is one villeyne who has one virgate, and five bordars who have one virgate and one servant. Wood for a hundred swine. In the whole it is worth fifty shillings."

Much has changed since those days. Ground rents have risen in value, beech and oak are felled and bordars find it so difficult to get even one servant they seldom bother about virgates at all. Nevertheless it is pleasant to think that even at that early time, or not so very much later, a clearing may have been made on the top of the Heath for the game of Club Ball (or creak) which monks are shown playing about the year 1230 on a postcard that you can purchase at the British Museum, and that the merry cries of monk and abbot may have echoed and re-echoed through the oak glades of Hamstede as the ball rebounded from the backs of recumbent swine.

Nay, more. I am inclined to think that the passing of this property into private ownership after the dissolution of the monasteries may have impeded rather than aided the progress of cricket on the northern hills. Century seems to follow century without any certain reference to the pastime in these parts. Wat Tyler's insurrection, the Wars of the Roses, the Armada, the Great Rebellion may quite easily have interfered with the amenities of the game. Minds may have been diverted from cricket by the discovery of the Chalybeate Wells, the glamour of the Pump Room, the Routs, the Assemblies, the Gaming Tables and even the writing by Doctor Johnson of *The Vanity of Human Wishes* in a house that looked out over the acres of farm land more recently bisected by the Finchley Road.

Let our brief narrative be carried down to 1794, the year when Nelson lost his right eye. Bowlers were beginning to pitch their under-arm balls instead of rolling them along the turf, and a third stump had been added to the former two. The whole air hummed with anticipations of progress and reform.

On June the fourth, then, of this year, eleven

Gentlemen of Kentish Town and Hampstead played eleven Gentlemen of Highgate on Kentish Town Common for a stake of four hundred guineas. Highgate won. Their opponents were not satisfied. They challenged them to another encounter for five hundred guineas. Highgate were all put out for thirty-seven. They won again, however, by an innings and five runs. I suppose that five hundred guineas might represent about a couple of thousand pounds to-day, but the spirit of Hampstead was not quenched. They went on playing, and at some not very easily ascertainable date, in the middle of last century, the present Hampstead Cricket Club was formed.

Of this club, Mr. F. R. D'O. Monro, himself a member for fifty years, and for a long time one of its leading players, has compiled a history,* with a preface by Sir Pelham Warner, with illustrations, and scores. Its hero of all time was A. E. Stoddart, a name once second to that of Grace. For fifteen years or more he seems to have had a habit of ending the season with a batting average of anything between fifty and a hundred, and a bowling average usually under ten. His best score for the side (and this of course is chronicled in all the books) was four hundred and eighty-five on August the fourth, 1886. It was made in six hours out of a total of eight hundred and thirteen against the Stoics, who did not bat. Nor do I see how they could have batted unless Joshua had been umpiring at both ends.

It is said by one historian that Stoddart was caught at last from a ball skied so high that he and his partner ran three runs before it came down, and anybody who believes that will believe an early Anglo-Saxon Charter. Byes themselves made fifty, and it is difficult to understand how they did so well. Even to write of such an innings is pleasant at a time when one may see a batsman compile four runs in an hour.

F. R. Spofforth, the great Australian bowler, was another famous Hamstede player in the middle period of the club, and Mr. Monro quotes him as explaining why, in his own country, catches were never missed off his bowling. "In the part of Australia I come from, there are hedgerows, and on a Sunday I used to get some stones, put them in my pocket, and take out my slip fieldsmen for a walk. I walked on one side of the hedge, they on the other. I threw the stones into the hedge and they caught the sparrows as they came out."

But the side was full of famous players year after year, sometimes fielding an eleven all of whom had played for Middlesex. The continuation of the Charter for their present ground was very largely obtained by Mr. Monro's own efforts, though it seems a pity that they do not play on Hampstead Heath, where I cannot help feeling that Mangode may have played. But I suppose we should only have trouble about the car-park if they did.

EVOE

* *The History of the Hampstead Cricket Club* (Home and Van Thal).



GET-TOGETHER



"... and I mix abstract with stylized romanticism. Some people don't understand what I'm getting at, but ..."

NEW CHUM

An H. J. Dramatic Fragment

(The scene is an Editor's Office)

MR. GRIFF. This is Jack Pack, sir. You will remember you engaged him in poor Robbett's place. He has been Cheese Parer on *The Culinary Times*, Madame Lola on *Man à la Mode* and Captain Slaughter-folkes on the *Journal of Ecclesiology*.

MR. BENSTRAW. Before we part, probably not to meet again except in print, I will give you some fruit garnered from the reflections of forty years. First, a maxim I always impress upon my cubs—never seek fear or favour. Do you know shorthand?

JACK PACK. Like my middle name, i.e., Sidney.

MR. BENSTRAW. Then why are you not taking this down? Fear and favour have ruined many a news-hawk of promise. As Northcliffe used to say, "*Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner*," following, I believe, Madame de Staël. Do I divagate?

MR. GRIFF. Only by the austere standards, sir.

JACK PACK. Whatever else I may forget, my Editor's remarks will stick in my mind like burrs. Exactly what was Robbett's line?

MR. BENSTRAW. "Exactly what" is tautologous.

MR. GRIFF. It exudes flabbiness.

MR. BENSTRAW. Flabbiness cannot be exuded, at least on my paper. Godspeed, Pack.

JACK PACK. This is a proud moment for me, Editor, and I can speak for my guardian in saying that it is a proud moment for him too. I have given him my solemn promise to make good for once and ...

MR. GRIFF. Another word may cost you dear.

MR. BENSTRAW. Do not be so affectionate. I have taken quite a turn against him myself. By the way, you will be in charge of the humorous column "*Merrily Wags the World*." A high standard must be consistently maintained and copy should be delivered by 7.30 A.M.

MR. GRIFF. Here it is, March 10th, 1817. It contains the Delectable History of Jno. Burwack's Apple Pie, a summary of "*The Frogs*" of Aristophanes and a Riddle-me-ree, to which the answer, according to a manuscript note, is Newington Butts.

MR. BENSTRAW. A new sampling technique has shown that puns are popular among our readers, especially those upon the names of chemicals, and a good palindrome is always assured of a welcome; but here am I doing your job for you.

MR. GRIFF. If you knew Mr. Benstraw better, Pack, you would realize that the interview was over.

[Exit Pack]

MR. GRIFF. I hear poor Robbett has gone into teaching.

MR. BENSTRAW. There is so little else an ex-humorous columnist can do, though I must say he lasted very well, very well indeed—months to poor Benker's weeks.

MR. GRIFF. All those competitions he ran helped him with his space, always choosing prize-winners with long addresses.

Re-enter JACK PACK

JACK PACK. A Mr. Ponter has just told me to report a Centenarians' Debate in Milwaukee. Is he a man from whom I should take orders, or may he be safely ignored?

MR. BENSTRAW. He should be regarded with respect tinged by suspicion. However, you can write your column anywhere, for humour is universal, and I should not wish to restrain a keen man from taking an assignment that evidently appealed to him. What topic is to be debated?

JACK PACK. That this House considers the Californian Gold Rush was no background for family life.

MR. GRIFF. He could do thumb-nail sketches of life in the steerage on the way across.

MR. BENSTRAW. And he might well keep his ears open for items of Foreign News during his sojourn overseas. Echoes from the Free Silver controversy would be interesting and unexpected, so would an account of breakfast with the Ku Klux Klan.

JACK PACK. If I might mention it, my strong line is showing film stars London.

MR. BENSTRAW. As you will be in the United States, you will obviously have to use picture postcards.

MR. GRIFF. It might carry one or two articles, but not a series.

MR. BENSTRAW. He could equip himself with a folding panorama. As Northcliffe used to say, "*Quién sabe?*"

MR. GRIFF. With padding in the form of apt quotations it might stretch to three.

MR. BENSTRAW. Don't fuss. If he writes more we can always reject them.

JACK PACK. Enjoyable as this chit-chat is, I think I should be finding my way to the docks.

MR. BENSTRAW. When you leave the office you turn left.

JACK PACK. By the way, when do you want the first column?

MR. GRIFF. You might dictate ten or so before you go. That will bring us up to date.

MR. BENSTRAW. Don't let your face fall like that; it raises doubts of your assiduity.

MR. GRIFF. The official standard, by the way, is making the Editor guffaw once per issue. Helpless mirth one day does not excuse unsmiling perusal the next.

JACK PACK. Editor, I guarantee to bust your ribs.

MR. BENSTRAW. That was poor Hawthorne's mistake. You're fired. As Northcliffe used to say, "*Salus Editoris Suprema Lex.*"

MR. GRIFF. Very, very apt. R. G. G. PRICE

THE ROOT OF ALL LOVE

SOMETHING I love about a turnip field,
Some trait that cannot easily be traced,
Some spell that steals upon me as I walk
Quietly across its captivating waist;
Something more mystic than its mealy smell
Or the green lace the bright young beetle weaves,
Yet somehow coupled with the hispid kiss
From the translucent tangle of its leaves.
And secret somehow as if long ago
Some company of turnips was the scene
Of sweet awakening, delicious tryst,
Or bout of butterscotch it might have been.
Maybe among such lyrate shapes as these—
A little fellow in a knitted hat—
I plunged nose-high and nimbly brought to book
My first Red Admiral, it might be that.
Oh, there are fairer fields and plants I know
More redolent and with a sheen more blue;
Roots more resplendent, yes, but never one
Wins me the way these waving turnips do!
And so how strange that in those milieus where
Boiled vegetables bestrew the lukewarm plate—
Sodden, insidious and sicklied o'er—
It is the turnip I most fiercely hate.

DANIEL PETTIWARD



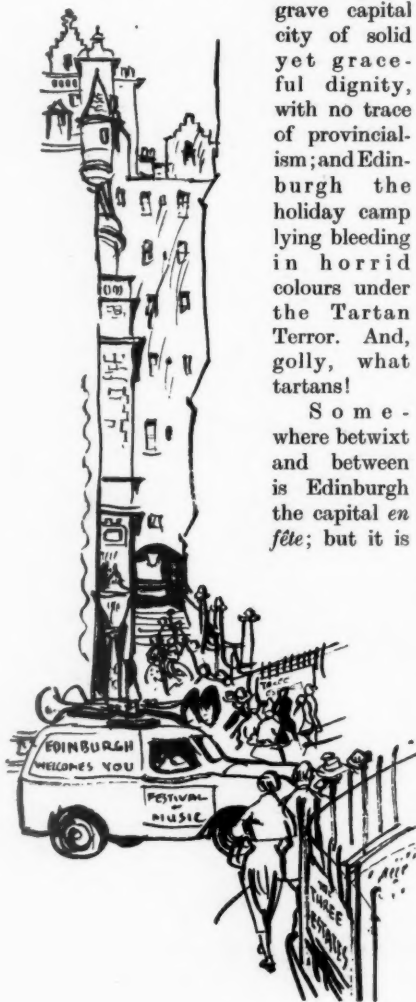
"Slow down when you reach the cross-roads, watch out for that corner and get ready for the long pull up the hill."



THE New Town of Edinburgh is a true child of the Old Town, and duly born in wedlock; Charlotte Square derives from the Grassmarket as surely as Princes Street from the High Street. Yet in this month of grace, she might not unfairly be divided otherwise: into

Edinburgh the grave capital city of solid yet graceful dignity, with no trace of provincialism; and Edinburgh the holiday camp lying bleeding in horrid colours under the Tartan Terror. And, golly, what tartans!

Some-where betwixt and between is Edinburgh the capital *en fête*; but it is

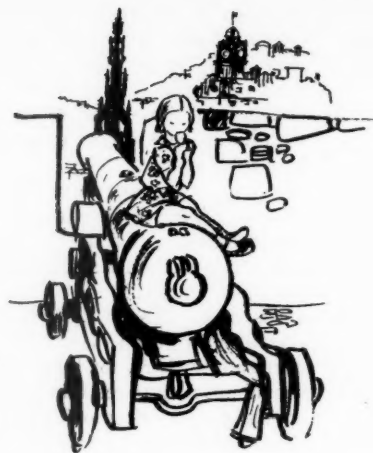


EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

the Tartan Terror that hits the eye first, as you stumble up the Waverley Steps or outflank them by means of the lift. Two hundred years ago, Allan Ramsay sat down to paint a Macleod of Raasay, resplendent in the new black-and-yellow Raasay tartan. "Is it a wasp I would be painting?" he asked; and discharged his commission in the black-and-red of the Macgregors. That picture is not to be seen in the Allan Ramsay Exhibition now showing in Charlotte Square, among the two dozen portraits that display so well his sense of silk, satin and powdered hair; but his rendering of his subjects' faces confirms the impression that he must have been a frank and honest soul.

It is best not to conjecture what he or Sydney Smith, that unwilling English expert on Edinburgh, would have said of the Tartan Terror. Many graves must be heaving with the turning of our forbears. How can a Scotsman do adequate penance for signs in shop-windows such as these: "Genuine Celtic Jewellery from the Highlands of Scotland, 1/11d."; "If your name is Mac-Such-and-Such (or Prendergast, or Peppercorn), we have your tartan in stock." A Bengali family walks the streets, its women-folk becomingly in *saris*, its twelve-year-old boy in Balmoral kilt (MacChatterjee tartan?), tartan tie (Buchanan, undoubtedly), and gratified grin. The blame is not wholly Calcutta's. Less sinister is the spectacle of a white-kneed wha-kens-what in Highland dress outside the Caledonian Hotel, talking to an Egyptian in tarboosh and galabieh, but minus fly-whisk.

You cannot ignore the Tartan Terror, but you can pass it by, and enjoy yourself, and range yourself with those who swore in the face of reason that the Festival would be



worth while. That it undoubtedly is. The pessimists have disappeared long since; they have ransomed themselves by timeous apostasy, or been sewn up in sacks and deposited in the Firth somewhere to seaward of the Isle of May, or gone to Glasgow. Whether you are a returned native, a veteran visitor or a first-footer, you will best get your bearings by triangulation through the festive mist or haar, on the familiar landmarks of non-festive times. Car-tickets (*anglice*, tram-tickets) still cost a penny as opposed to three-ha'pence in squalid London; evening papers are still three-ha'pence as opposed to a penny in less civilized parts. On the trams also, to remind one of the Festival, three Union Jacks flutter from the cord with which the conductor swings round the thingummy at the terminus. Inevitably there are letters in the papers protesting that the flags are not Saint Andrew's Crosses. Scotland is more indulgent to her minorities than any other country in the world; and the smaller the minority, the more generous her indulgence.

The opening of the Festival has also coincided with the annual wrangle in the correspondence columns about whether clan tartans are Ancient or Modern. Bewildered Basques and sceptical Scandinavians wonder in front of shop-windows whether their legs are being pulled or not, while the French get gullibler and gullibler. All seem

happy, and all—Scots, Sassenachs and real foreigners—seem to get fonder and fonder of each other. Tea-shops do a roaring trade at unlikely hours, with pilgrims progressing from porridge to pancakes. Meetings continue on the Mound: a Separatist thunders from his soap-box at a single hearer, who is almost certainly the next speaker; while a few yards away an advocate of Temperance addresses an audience which seems to contain but few potential supporters.

Lifting your eyes to the hills beyond the Mound, you see again with thankfulness the loveliest peopled ridge in Europe. There are the tall "lands," the steeples of Saint Giles and the Tolbooth Church, and away to the right the Castle itself. Lower, but no less proudly, stands the Assembly Hall, from each of whose twin towers flies the standard of Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, whose *Satire of the Three Estates* fills the hall every night and proves to those in need of proof that Messrs. Linklater and Bridie are



not the first Scottish dramatic satirists. It is just possible, with luck, to sally from the Assembly Hall in time to see the beginning of the military pageant on the Castle Esplanade, and in good time to suffer the horrid blasphemy heard in Redford Barracks some years before the war, and renewed to-day, of Pipes and Drums playing slow marches to the accompaniment of a military band. But not even this defiant solecism should keep anyone away from the Esplanade at 10 P.M.,

for Colonel Malcolm of Poltalloch produces a superb pageant which ends with the trumpeters of The Greys sounding off on the Gatehouse battlements, flood-lit above the shadows.

Thereafter, by candle-light and at midnight, one may see Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*, a delight denied to those who were only able to be at the Festival during its first few days. But all day and every day one may see the Flower-Clock. It is laid out most tastefully this month, and the legend round it, in pansies (let us say, for I am no judge), reads: "Edinburgh Industries Exhibition 1949: Brewing, Textiles, Mining, Distilling, Printing." These are beautiful thoughts, especially when edged, as they are, with artichokes.

There is much else to be seen. There is the Glyndebourne Opera and the Eliot play, both crowded to capacity every night so far. There is the film *Whisky Galore*, probably the best film ever made with a Scottish setting, which is running (perhaps by chance) in Edinburgh at the moment, and is regarded by populace and visitors alike as a worthy part of the Festival. There are also various other excitements on the fringe of the Festival. Among these we may count the Shandwick Isles, four miniature Gardens of Eden (less humans) which have suddenly appeared in that already complicated traffic centre the West End. These serve to stimulate any flagging conversation, which, when the subject of the Shandwick Isles is exhausted, turns to the daughter of the Mayor of Athens and the beard of the Burgomaster of Copenhagen. A number of people saw both on the opening day of the Festival, and those who did are now insufferable in reminiscence.

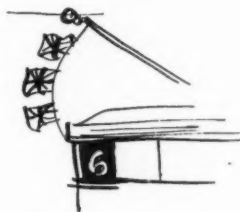
So far Edinburgh is more than holding her own. She is exhibiting



her own unrivalled glories to perfection, as well as housing those which she has attracted from Glyndebourne, Berlin and elsewhere. Yet she has not lost her sense of proportion; nor have her children. Woe betide, and rightly, any visitor who forgets where he is. If there be any such, especially from England, let him struggle up the stair to the Camera Obscura in Ramsay Gardens, survey the memorial on the Calton Hill, and hear it described in true perspective as "the monument to Lord Nelson, the well-known English Admiral."

Let everyone, in fact, who has not made plans to go to Edinburgh this year, now go there before the 11th of September, always provided he can find accommodation. For, ribaldry apart, that lovely city has staged a lovely Festival, ministering alike to the eye, the ear and the heart.

BERNARD FERGUSON



AT THE PICTURES

Train of Events—My Dream is Yours

YOU may tend to fight shy of the film that tells several separate stories, but MICHAEL BALCON's *Train of Events*, stringing its four bright little beads on the same thread of suspense and casting each episode with equal care, avoids the exasperating mistake of showing us one set of people when we want to see another.

If JOAN DOWLING's telling study in pathos cannot quite save the London - waif - loves - German prisoner story it is probably because too little screen time can be spared for the German (LAURENCE PAYNE) to build up our sympathy. It certainly seems unlikely that the direction of HAROLD DEARDEN is at fault; his other story (actor slays faithless wife) is well handled, and with French dialogue and a

scratchy copy would probably have set critics sighing for that Gallic *Je ne sais quoi*. Those are the two grim episodes; in the gay, the first (engine-driver - smooths - daughter's - love-affair) has that good actor JACK WARNER, raising laughs and jerking a near-tear with effortless artistry as the railwayman, and a lot of good small-part playing, including a few delicious lines of Lancashire from WILL AMBRO as a wheel-tapper. SIDNEY COLE directs these sequences, and shows a nice grip of his material, particularly in the neatly-heightened minor drama of the railway yard. In the calm-wife-cures-musician-of-infatuation story chief honours go, I think, to IRINA BARONOVA for her scintillating caricature of a concert pianist: concert pianists may not be like this, but this is what we like to think they are like. There are a lot of good moments in this film—the actors rehearsing Shakespeare in their overcoats, the nicely-under-plugged but lively concerto written by LESLIE BRIDGEWATER, and the

pleasing flashes of members of the orchestra apparently "snapped" quite unawares; then the shot of the engine-wheels locking, turning, locking again, as the train rushes to its spectacular destruction. It would be churlish to complain that no one could have survived this



[Train of Events]

Disconcerto

Irina Norozova—IRINA BARONOVA; Stella Hillary—VALERIE HOBSON; Raymond Hillary—JOHN CLEMENTS

magnificent crash. Who do you suppose does?

There is a small scene in *My Dream is Yours* (Director: MICHAEL CURTIZ) when JACK CARSON as the hard-up impresario persuades EVE ARDEN to sell her car to finance the career of DORIS DAY, singer of "jump" numbers. Hard-boiled and soft-hearted (Miss ARDEN in her element, bless her) she resents the trans-action fiercely, but in the course of it her indignation transfers itself from CARSON to the chiselling purchaser, so she takes over the haggling and finally realizes that she has closed the deal herself. I devote eighty-five precious words to this because it seems the sort of comedy twist that America devises so much more readily, or puts over so much better than we do. The British musical doesn't take enough pains; the story of *My Dream is*

Yours (a song-title, naturally) is unoriginal enough, heaven knows, but at least it is filled out with slick, amusing dialogue, decorated with neat subsidiary situations and played by artistes who force you to believe in them by so obviously believing in themselves. The words "It's only a musical" never enter their heads. I liked Miss DAY (our first meeting, this) even if her voice is less like "the last breath of a dying gipsy"

—a sample of Mr. CARSON's impassioned sales talk—than the death-yelp of Mr. Warner's doomed locomotive.

* * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Starting its provincial tour this week is *That Lady in Ermine*, a Ruritanian romp with enough flashes of the late, great LUBITSCH to offer a pleasant evening. In the West End, *The Snake Pit* (1/6/49),

with OLIVIA DEHAVILLAND's brilliant study of a mind unhinged, continues at the Marble Arch Pavilion, and in north-west London is *Don't Ever Leave Me* (3/8/49), a slight British comedy which you may find more amusing than you expected.

J. B. BOOTHROYD



[My Dream is Yours]

"Did You Not Hear My Lady?"

Martha Gibson—DORIS DAY

NOBODY WORKS

THE safest conversational gambit these days, it seems, is some remark based on the widely accepted notion that nobody in Britain is doing a full day's work. It's a winner every time. "By Jove," says the man at your elbow, "this ale isn't up to much, is it?" "S'ri," you say. "And no wonder," he says. "Nobody's doing a full day's work in this country to-day." "It's simply disgusting," says the man breathing into your waistcoat—"These dam'Tube trains are nothing more than cattle-trucks." "It's my belief," you say, "that nobody in Britain's doing a full day's work these days." "You're dead right there, frien'," says the man breathing into your waistcoat, "dead right."

Well, sometimes this kind of talk upsets me, sets my nerves on edge, and makes me quarrelsome. The other day I was standing at my regular pitch on Waterloo Bridge when I was joined by a man with a fine waxed moustache. With our elbows resting on the parapet we studied the activity below. The mighty excavators swung and dipped, the mechanical grabs scraped and scuffed. It was better than the pictures, better than television.

"I must say, it's jolly sporting of these chaps to work right through the lunch-hour," I said.

"You call that work!" said my black-coated neighbour. "They're only clearing up the mess they've made. Anyway, I bet they've had their lunch hours ago—several lunches, if I know 'em."

"All right," I said, "suppose they have had lunch; I still say that..."

"It's sheer exhibitionism," said the City type. "They won't move a finger unless they've got an audience. Idle all morning and all afternoon, I shouldn't wonder. Nobody does a full day's work to-day."

Disgusted, I turned all my attention to the mechanical grab. The day was fair and warm, and I soon lost myself in the intricate operations. Suddenly I was startled out of my day-dreams of the Festival of

Britain by the querulous voice of my neighbour.

"In any case..." he said.

"Hullo," I said, "you still here."

"In any case," he went on, "I can't see much work in that: all the work's done by the machines."

"Not all the work," I said. "Somebody's got to think up restrictive practices, to take orders from a certain foreign power, and to foment unrest and strikes."

He looked at me over his rimless glasses, decided that I was trying to pull his leg, and growled. The crowd of spectators in the next bay began to drift away. I lit my pipe...

"The trouble with workers to-day," he said, "is that they don't know they're born."

I struggled to find a facetious answer and failed.

"They're molly-coddled from cradle to grave," he said.

"You took the words right out of my mouth," I said.

"They're given free this, free that, free the other," he said, "and are they grateful? Not them."

"No, that's right," I said, "they grumble just because they have to pay for these free gifts."

For a few seconds I thought he was going to tip me over the wall into the London Pride and sagewort. His face had muddled over and the waxen tips of his moustache were twitching ominously. But he straightened his shoulders, pursed his lips, wiped his hat with the sleeve of his jacket, and settled down once more on his elbows.

The grabs grabbed and the rubble disappeared like melting snow. I looked at my watch.

"Well, I'll be pushing," I said. "Nice to have met you."

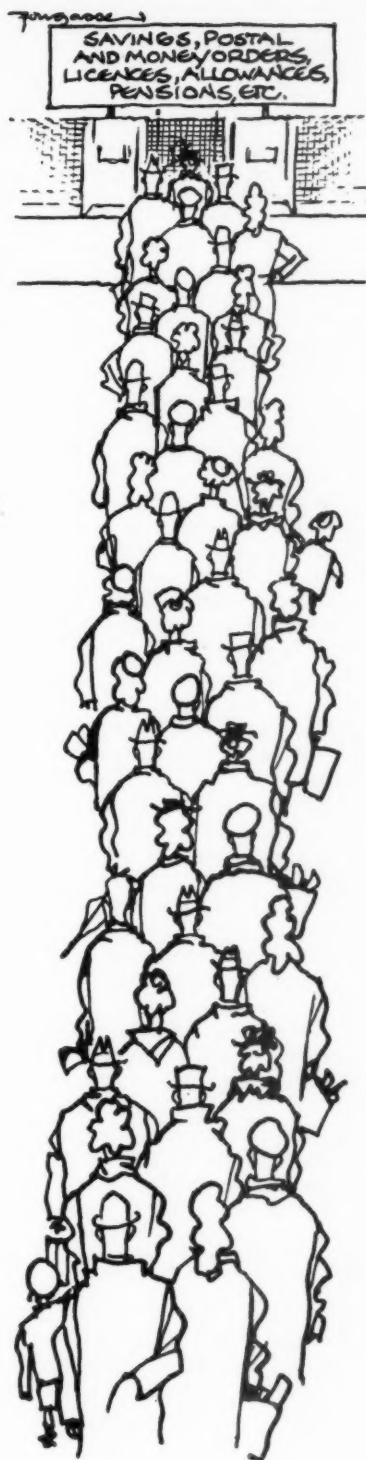
He growled.

"I always like to get back to the office round about four," I said. "How about you?"

He looked at his watch and turned away.

"You know, the trouble with this country," I said, "is that nobody thinks of putting in a full day's work." And, oddly enough, I meant it.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



"... and so, when you've got a moment to spare, just pop into your nearest post office and they'll give you all the necessary information straight away."

BY INDIRECTIONS

IN Durham asking the way is an unforgettable experience. Stop a passer-by in a mining village and you tap a great deal of distinctive communal life.

"William Morris Terrace?" He inspects you with a kind of gusto. "That where you want to be?"

You admit it, with the uneasy feeling that he has been waiting for a chance like this.

"Now, I'll tell you exactly." He looks about with an air of gaining striking distance. You are where the coal-face should be. Passing miners leave a pick's length round him. "Stranger in these parts, like?" It is the first blow and focuses the attention of men squatting on the pavement and women elbowing the door-posts. They are grimly interested.

"Thought so." He nods, making the best of you. "Do you see that shop-front painted green?" One hand is on your arm and the other pointing dramatically down the road.

"Er—yes."

"Now get your eye on that public right behind. Got it?"

"Er—well, yes."

"That's where you want to be to begin with. Now, do you see that black roof to the right and farther back—the one that stands up?"

Oh, dear!

"I think so." You glance at the little knot of people beginning to gather. "Perhaps if I were to . . ."

"No, I'm telling you wrong. William Morris Terrace, you said? Not Corporation Row?"

Good and sufficient, no doubt, are his reasons for confusing them. Perhaps they sound alike.

"No," you say gently. "Not Corporation Row."

"Oh, if it's Corporation Row he wants," says a burly man in a

union shirt and sudden enlightenment, "I can put him on to that. He wants to turn down by the Stores and on by Leazes Lane and down by the chapel and through the old pit-heaps and along the railway. That'll bring him straight to it."

"Not by the Stores, Tom," says a hard-bitten little terrier of a man.

"By the Stores."

"Not by the Stores, Tom." The terrier shakes a sad but incontrovertible head.

"I'm telling you!" The burly man wheels on him, but the terrier is unmoved.

"Stores won't take him. By the Red Lion."

"Well, now, did you ever hear owt like it?" Union shirt feels that this requires more amazement than is given to one man, and he throws the point to the jury for their especial wonder. "Isn't the bountiful Stores on t'other corner of the beautiful street?"

"Oh, ay. I see what you're after now, Tom." Terrier's brow clears. "You mean if he turns down past the Stores . . ."

They proceed antiphonally.

"And on by Leazes Lane . . ." making iambs of it.

"Down by the chapel and through the pit-heaps."

"Along the line as far as the cut and he's there," trumpets union shirt in near-pentameter. "Like I said."

"He's right, mister," says the terrier, turning to you, "that's your way to Corporation Row."

Would it be kinder, you wonder, to go there? And maybe quicker? Honesty compels you to try again.

"It was really," you venture—"it was really William Morris Terrace that . . ."

"William Morris Terrace," snaps the terrier, and "William Morris Terrace," says the burly man, with a hint of outrage. "Now that's a different thing altogether."

"He wants to be right down the street," shrills a woman from a door, "right down the other end." She waves immeasurable distance with a flat hand. "Far away down as he can get."

"I was just telling him," calls your first protagonist, resuming his just authority. "I was showing him the short cut by Inkerman Crescent."

"He doesn't want to go *that* way. He won't know about going through the gasworks," cries the woman with proper scorn. "Best keep on past Balaclava."

"Look," says your authorized guide, determined to break the deadlock, "come over here!" And suddenly you are being hauled across the street to a patch of waste ground. "Do you see the chimney of that house with the blue slates, next the one that faces you straight on as you look at it? Not the broken-down one, the other?"

Triangulation, you feel now, is a thing that can be overdone.

"Who's he wanting in William Morris Terrace, anyway?" says the terrier, who, with more of the consort, is still with you. "It depends whether it's this end or that end."

"It'll be Timothy Thompson," says what may well be a check-weighman. "He's the likeliest for having anybody. Is it about the band?"

You nod, if you can manage it.

"Thowt as much," says the presumed check-weighman. "It's this end in that case."

He has reckoned without the terrier.

"It's that end in that case."

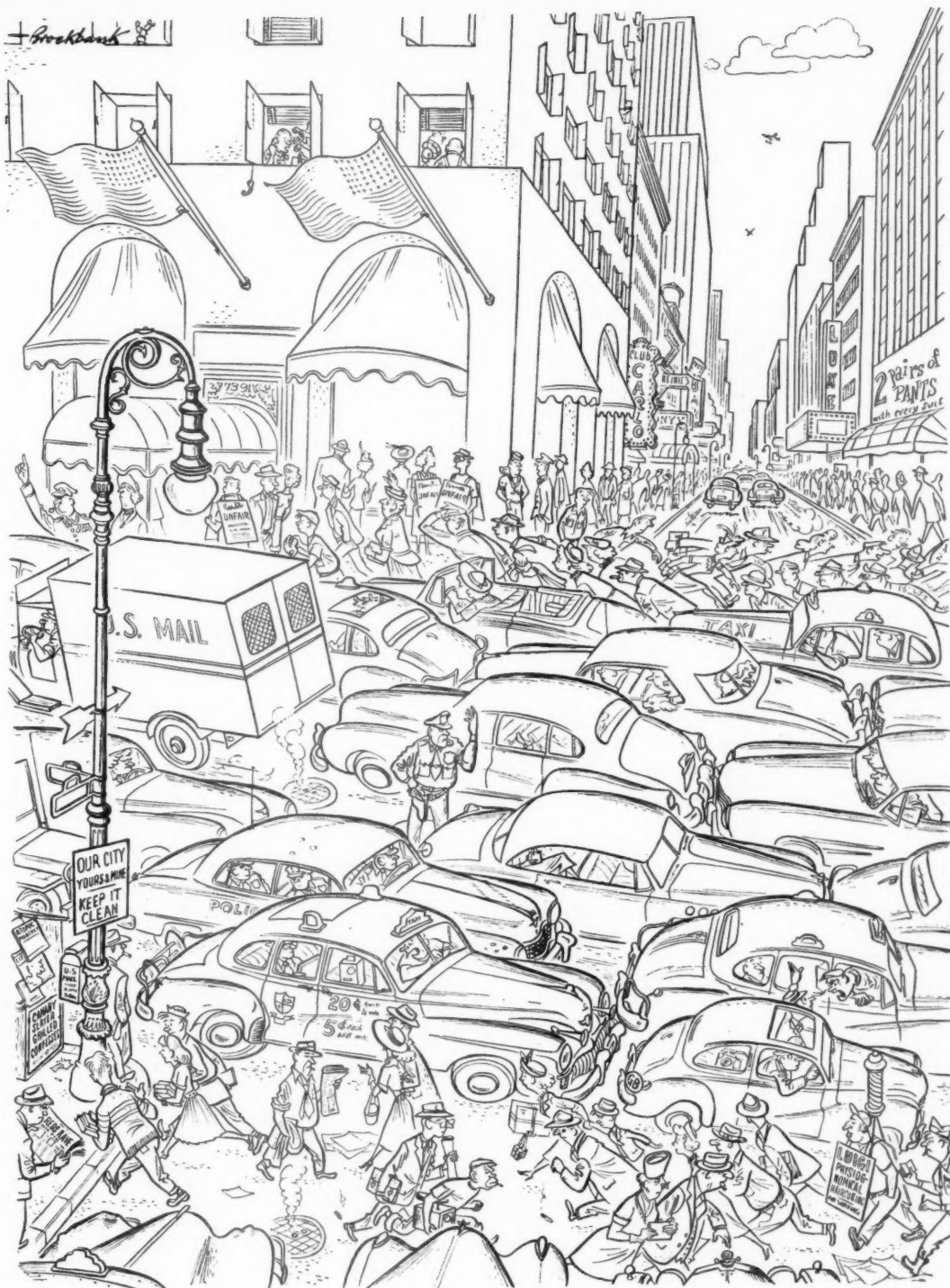
"This end, man."

"That end, I'm telling you."

"Look," says the potential check-weighman, dragging you, as a justifying incidental, to a better vantage-point. "Say that public over there is the beginning of William Morris Terrace. I know it isn't, but say it is. Well, then, Timothy Thompson's house . . . Better still, come up these steps. The body won't mind."

And whether the body minds or not it is from the top of those steps that you are elaborately briefed and finally dismissed, with immense good-will, to blunder your way as best you can to your objective. There is no reason why you shouldn't reach it in the end—provided you never ask again.





THE AMERICAN SCENE

The Big City



"It was just about here I caught a poacher measuring six foot three and weighing a hundred and seventy-four pounds."

LONG LIFE IN JAPAN

A LITTLE Japanese book which has long been tucked away in one of those mysterious recesses of the British Museum may bring hope and comfort to readers who wish to be assured of their full span of three score years and ten—and perhaps even a little more. It is called *The Secret of Long Life*,* and was written by a Buddhist priest, Gensaku, at a time when, oddly enough, most Japanese lives were in fact anything but long owing to promiscuous and nation-wide indulgence in civil war. Gensaku himself, apparently, survived long enough to write this book by the expedient of professing both religion and medicine. Praying for the souls of the vanquished and mending the

bodies of the survivors were both important reserved occupations.

The book consists largely of a series of don'ts, a form of prescription with a universal appeal to the medical mind. The chief lesson for us is to pay greater attention to small and at first sight irrelevant details. Are you aware, for instance, of the debilitating effects of washing the hair after a meal or of sleeping naked in moonlight? It is the cumulative effect of such everyday actions that makes all the difference between an early grave and a healthy old age. A selected list is therefore appended of some of the most important prohibitions, omitting the more obvious ones, such as "Do not get your feet wet" or "Never point at a rainbow."

The principles of Chinese medicine on which they are based can (it may be as well to add) be closely justified by deductive logic. To give an example, the Chinese perceived that man is a sort of microcosmic universe. The sky is round, the earth is square; man's head is round, his feet are square; sun and moon = eyes; vegetation = hair; rivers = saliva and blood; winds = breath, and so on. Hence it obviously follows that one should go to bed at dusk and get up at dawn, keep hot and active in summer and cool and semi-dormant in winter, in everything imitating nature as closely as possible. The precepts which follow are all the end-products of similar impeccable trains of reasoning. Divorced from the working, they may possibly seem

* *Enju Satsuyoo*, published in Kyoto 1599, and now, unfortunately, out of print.

somewhat inconsequential; but remember, as you read them, that all the Wisdom of the East, the experience of centuries and the soundest logical principles underlie each one of them:

Do not count your money early in the morning.

In spring and summer sleep with your head towards the east; in autumn and winter with your head towards the west. Never, under any circumstances, sleep with your head towards the north.

Do not lie on your back during thunder-storms.

Refrain from thinking while eating.

Avoid golden, white, or red colours; they strain the eyes. Bluish-black lacquer, on the other hand, is very good for the eyes.

Do not love too much or hate too much.

Never sniff the scent of plum-blossom in February. It is conducive to nose-bleed.

Never talk while walking; it leads to a great loss of energy. If you have anything to say, stop and say it.

Do not speak on the winter solstice unless you are spoken to.

Do not take your socks off and sit in a draught when you are in a drunken sweat.

Never take a bath on an empty stomach.

Never wash the hair after midday.

A bath at dusk on the 9th April every year helps to ensure longevity. A bath on the 7th August, on the other hand, can be very harmful. It tends to dry up and roughen the skin.

Pull the white hairs out of your hair and beard on the appointed days only. Hairs so extracted should be preserved for burning on a day of the tiger (recurring every twelve days).

Do not imagine that the saying "The secret of a healthy life lies in the food you eat" means "The more food, the longer the life." Moderation in all things.

Refrain from eating during eclipses, lunar or solar, partial or complete.

Never eat persimmon with crab, or ginger with horseflesh.

Never sing in bed.

STATELY HOMES, LTD.

PEDIGREE Castle's a Limited Company.

Pedigree Castle is "P.C. Estates"—
£10,000 Capital, very wide Articles,
Registered name on the wrought-iron gates.

Lord Vieux de Vieux is (Earned Income) the Chairman,
Percy, the heir, is (Earned Income) the Sec.
(Percy holds most of the shares. The Debentures
Look after Lady de V.'s monthly cheque).

Jarvis—the head—and the two other gardeners
Charge up their wages to "Produce a/c."
The butler's "Expenses of Showing Apartments";
The chauffeur costs "Transport" an equal amount.

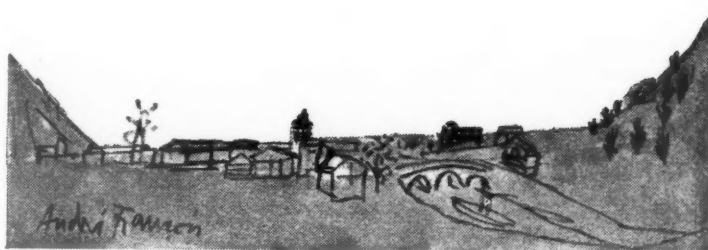
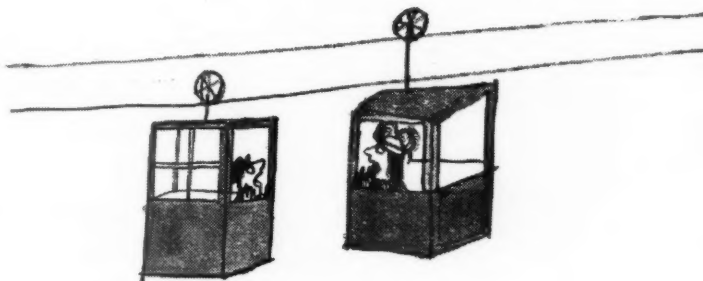
They've done up the Blue Room, they've done up the
New Room,

They've done up the Solar—all down to "Repairs."
There's 40 per cent of "Initial Allowance"

To come off the carpet they've bought for the stairs.

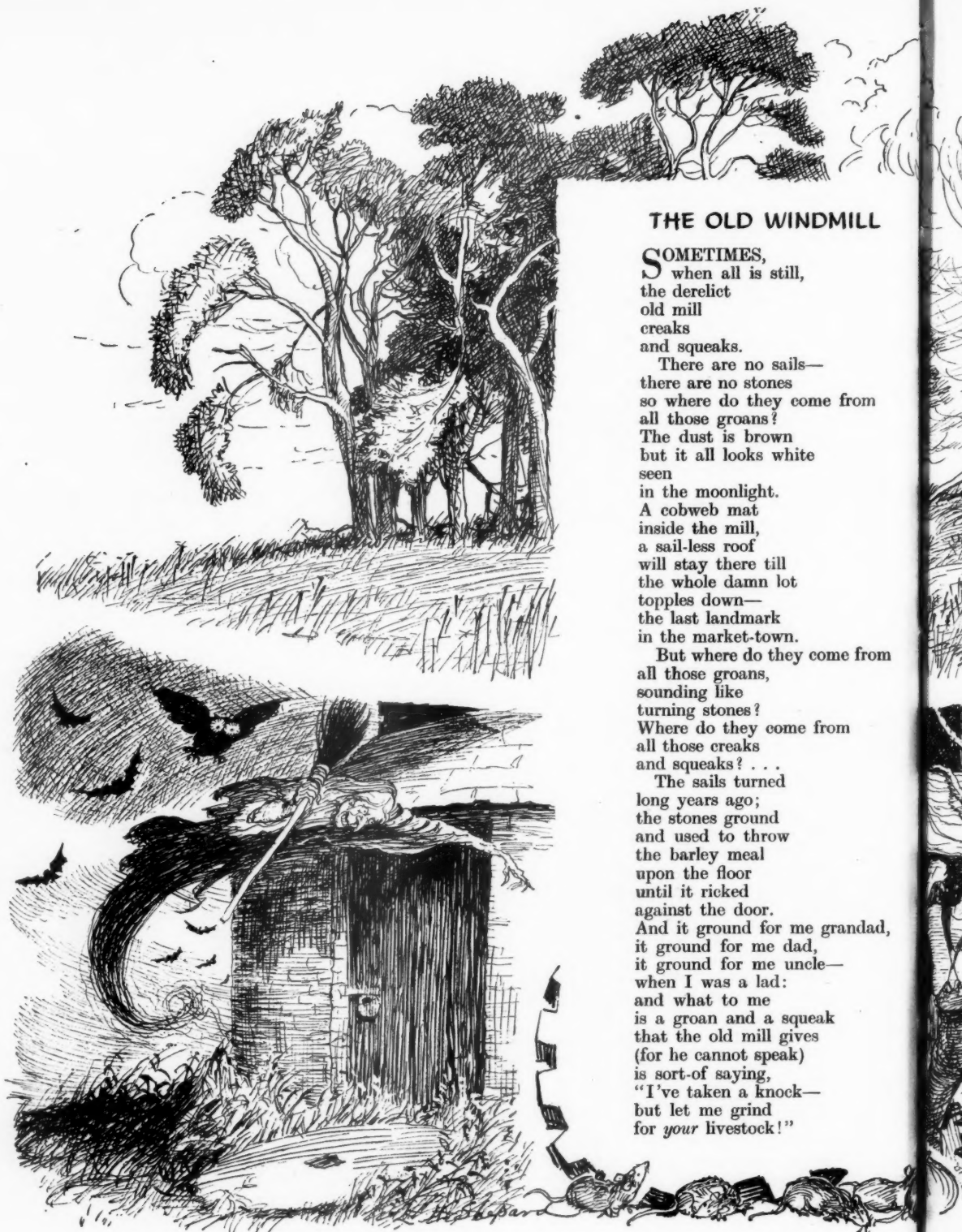
"P.C. Estates" may not *sound* quite so stately,
But surtax and death-duties—what's one to do?
And think of the Public—as many have, lately,
Yes, think of the Public, and two bob to view.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



"... I said, wait for me at the other end."

"... dne rekto eht ta em rof tiaw ,dias I ..."



THE OLD WINDMILL

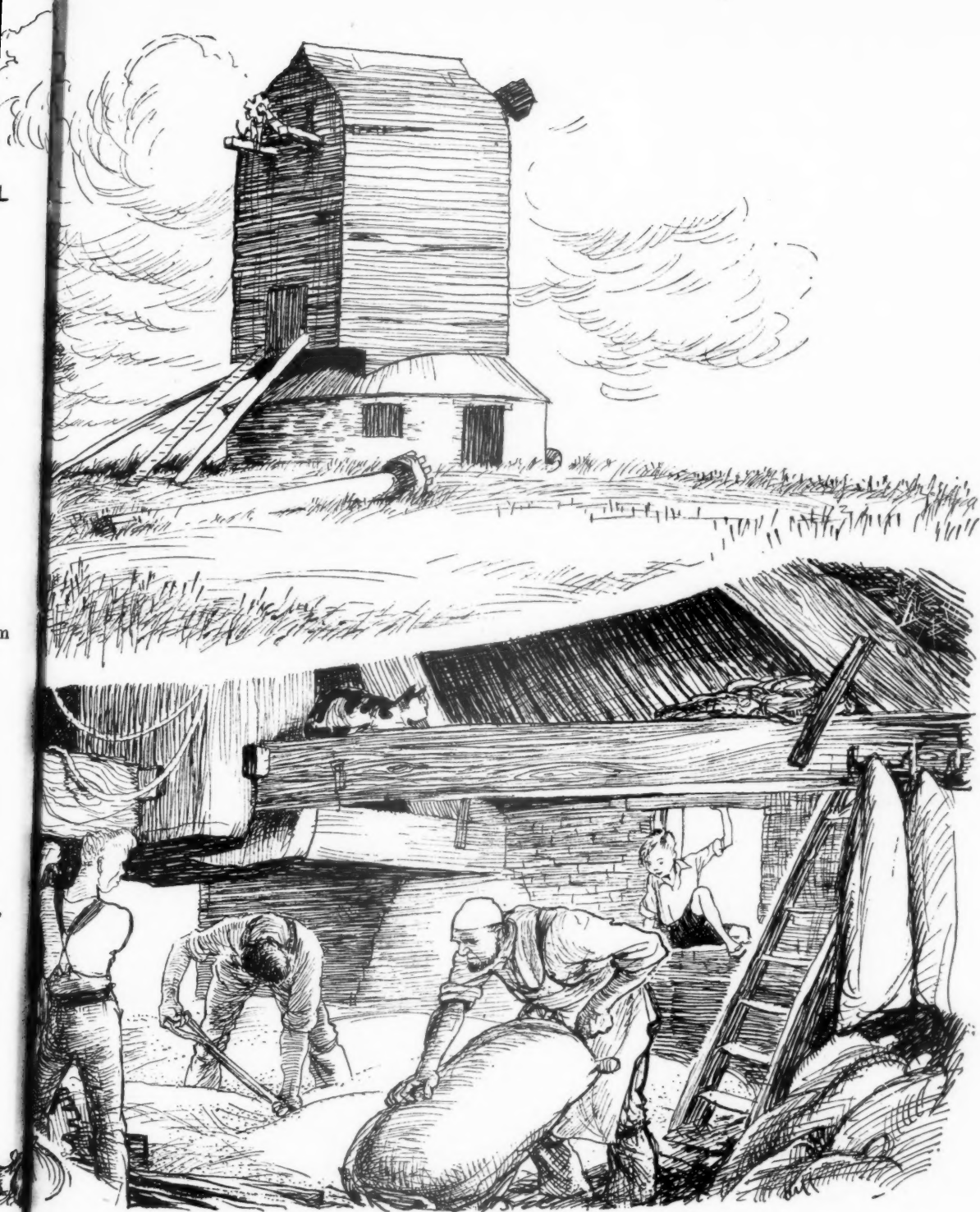
SOMETIMES,
when all is still,
the derelict
old mill
creaks
and squeaks.

There are no sails—
there are no stones
so where do they come from
all those groans?
The dust is brown
but it all looks white
seen

in the moonlight.
A cobweb mat
inside the mill,
a sail-less roof
will stay there till
the whole damn lot
topples down—
the last landmark
in the market-town.

But where do they come from
all those groans,
sounding like
turning stones?
Where do they come from
all those creaks
and squeaks? . . .

The sails turned
long years ago;
the stones ground
and used to throw
the barley meal
upon the floor
until it ricked
against the door.
And it ground for me grandad,
it ground for me dad,
it ground for me uncle—
when I was a lad:
and what to me
is a groan and a squeak
that the old mill gives
(for he cannot speak)
is sort-of saying,
"I've taken a knock—
but let me grind
for your livestock!"





ST. PAUL'S

BEHIND St. Paul's—the Cathedral Church of St. Paul in the Diocese of London—a handsome arched doorway opens upon the remains of a domed and pillared vestibule. Ten years ago, if you had known the right people, you would have entered the Livery Hall of the Worshipful Company of Cord-

wainers in Cannon Street. Now, as I did on a burning Saturday in summer, you can walk through the arch and enter the Field of the Fire. Nowadays the sun can shine there only upon the mauve of rose-



bay willow herb, on bosses and clumps of brassy-yellow dandelions, and upon a chess-board of low brick walls tangled across a waste land at the City's heart. You can see on any pre-war map how the streets used to nose hereabouts between the tall warehouses and the City churches—say, the dark red brick of St. Mildred, Bread Street, or the retiring St. Augustine and St. Faith.

A young American in rimless glasses, his map spread upon a chipped coping, stood among the weeds in the desolation of Cordwainers' Hall and stared at the black and silver mass of St. Paul's, Wren's flagship, that filled the western sky. If he had looked the other way he would have seen only a burst of scampering children on manoeuvres of their own. But he did not turn: he was far too intent upon St. Paul's, where the gold Cross was

burnished in the sun as though a troop of acrobatic vergers had been hard at it all day with elbow-grease and chamois-leather.

I did not ask what he was thinking about; but it would have much surprised me if, there in the ruins, we had had the same things in mind. I thought of a modern poet's singing phrase, "Sir Christopher came to the Field of the Fire"; then of a hazy, spectral day in the mid 'thirties—one that might have drifted southward from the mists of Orkney—when Earl Jellicoe's funeral procession moved up Ludgate Hill; and last, and surprisingly, of a scene in Ainsworth's *Old St. Paul's*, something lingering with melted lead in it: the subterranean engulfing of Chowles and Judith (if those are the names—it is years since I read the book) in a molten stream during the burning of the first great church.

Burning? And again the phrase spins back: the Field of the Fire; the Fire in 1666, and those others in

1940 and 1941 when St. Paul's was preserved by miracle alone.

For a time I lost sight of the American as I moved through the maze of ruin among flaking bricks that in the hot sunshine were warm to the touch. A flight of steps coiled only to a roofless basement of glazed white tiles; a dustbin lid rusted among dandelions. In Queen Victoria Street a notice, sun-curved outside the ruin of St. Nicholas, Cole Abbey, explained that so few persons were now entitled to vote in the devastated areas of Bread Street, Cripplegate Within and Without, Queenhithe, and Tower that a City of London Ward Election would be "impracticable." Back among the rust-red bricks I found the American again, now slowly quartering Bread Street, the "Bredstte" of Cœur-de-Lion's day, dwindled to a car-park. He turned at length towards St. Paul's, and I followed him along Cheapside among the few visitors adrift on the ebb-tide of Saturday afternoon. While he paused to look at Queen Anne, a Tenniel figure staring frostily down Ludgate Hill, I climbed the steps to the western door.

Once within the glory of St. Paul's, something draws you either up or down. You stand at first, dwarfed by the giant candlesticks, on the diamond-patterned floor at the head of the Nave, and stare into golden-grey vastness—grey stone, glinting light—that seems to end in the lake of radiance under the Dome. It is a majestic sight, and you know that there is much more to see: Tijou's ironwork, Grinling Gibbons's carving, Johnson in his toga, Donne in his shroud. Even so, you must soon be moving up or down. Up first, no doubt, to the Whispering Gallery by way of a door where a verger, who takes your sixpence benevolently, admits you to corkscrew up the broad, shallow-stepped stair. It appears to be twisted like the



foot of a cornucopia, and as you mount its 258 steps the way becomes lighter and lighter. The yellowish walls are pocked and scarred, scratched and pitted, with a palimpsest of dates and initials, some pencil-marks merely, some deeply carved in a morning's labour. (Many people have wished to rest during their climb.) Solemnly you curl and curve past this frieze to a placard in which the Dean and Chapter warn you against "foolish scribbling." And beyond this a voice discourses.

It seems to ooze from a slit of a door. Within, a verger, black-gowned, is tossing statistics at a wall in the gentle monotone of a man who is master of both



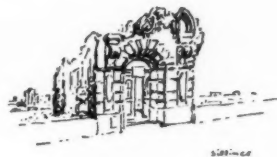
his subject and his audience. Across, on the opposite rim of the immense crater that is the Whispering Gallery, his latest acolytes are bent in reverence: they place their left ears against the wall to receive, as by telephone, the Cathedral's potted history. It is not a place to seek if you dread heights. Beneath, pigmies crawl the Cathedral floor; but overhead the paintings under the Dome still seem far away. Sir James Thornhill, plainly a steeplejack-artist, who splashed at them with brushes of comets' hair, was paid forty shillings a square yard: I hold that it was a bargain. Higher yet, the sky-flung Ball and Cross look as distant as the moon. Adventurers, Everest-minded, toil on to the Stone Gallery (182 feet), or even to the rich and dizzy delights of the Ball (627 steps). Unable to face it, I worked my way down the yellow

tunnel of the staircase. Having descended so far, it was only reasonable to go farther. Soon, by another stair, I was in the dim grandeur of the Crypt, where Nelson rests beneath black marble.

Above, in the brilliant summer, a bell was beating two o'clock. Down-under, there was glimmering gloom; the air had a musty, dry chill, and it was oppressive to feel that the whole weight of the Cathedral bore down upon you. From the corner of an eye you could see Wren's own modest marble slab. But the gaze swung upward again. Everyone in St. Paul's looks upward. You have to do it even in the Crypt, in spite of the many famous names upon the flagstones. Always you find yourself looking, a shade anxiously, at the piers that support the roof, just as, above in the Nave, you are usually standing, head back, searching into the misty glow under the Dome. Or, maybe, at a lower level you peer up at the wall-tablets—it is pleasing indeed to know that Heathoberht and Smithwulf were in their time Bishops of London—or at the pomp of the memorials to seamen and soldiers, with Fame and Britannia about them.

With some time left, I walked around the Cathedral and made my way back to the ruins of the Cordwainers' Hall, where I learnt that it was destroyed by fire in May 1941, after five hundred years of cordwaining.

A man in a straw boater (charming sight) read the notice with care, shook head and hat, and entered the porch. I followed him to the coping where he sat and



stared over to St. Paul's.

And there, it seemed, the afternoon came full circle, with the Cross still flashing above like a heliograph, and behind us in the lanes those London children—most of them unborn eight years ago—still scampering and laughing on some holiday frolic through the Field of the Fire.

J. C. TREWIN



NIGHT SCHOOL

SOME turn them to the air for an antidote to care,

And some for a solace to their labours:
My ether I confine to the worthier design
Of brightening the lives of my neighbours.
For hour upon hour, with a fulminating power
And a zest that is veritably tireless,
Pure sweetness and pure light bellow forth into the night
From the philanthropic jaws of my wireless.

No crooner's note may shock my impressionable flock,

No gagster's dreary taste for the facetious:
Instead they can learn a professor's views on Sterne,
Or enjoy a new translation of Lucretius;

And I shall not ever pause in my estimable cause,
My switch shall not slumber in its mission,
Till the Prendergasts have heard all the madrigals of Byrd,
And Tomlinson is sound on his Titian.

But a time must approach when the pupils whom I coach

(Like bones that a bonesetter has bone-set)
Can be trusted each to stay in the strait and narrow way
And to make the proper use of his own set;
Then, assured that my light will continue to burn bright
And that others will hereafter keep the flame high,
I shall have my private fling with a quiet course of Bing

Or a session of the Blissful Ignorami.

M. H. LONGSON

TALK IN A FISH-SHOP

MR. DOLE the fishmonger sawed off a plaice-fillet and said "Well, I'm telling you, Jim, and you listen to me. If you was to walk across that room in your stocking feet, one in front of the other, you'd have got as good an idea of the length as any tape-measure. Isn't that right, Miss?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Barley, deeply flattered. "Oh, yes, I'm sure it would be."

Mr. Dole looked at her as if she had contradicted him and said "Wouldn't it, eh? I'm telling him what I know, and that's that one foot in front of the other is as good as any tape-measure. And when you haven't got one, why, it's better."

"I should think it would be an awfully good way," said Mrs. Barley. "You'd have to keep straight though, wouldn't you?" Mr. Dole gave her a look which she knew she deserved, and she made things no better by adding hastily, "Can I have the bits for the cat?"

Mr. Dole tossed a dozen heads and skeletons into a newspaper, a generous action which never failed to make Mrs. Barley feel very small, and continued "Course, if you had eighteen feet to measure, you wouldn't reckon to put your feet down eighteen times, see? A foot isn't a foot, eh?" and he gave a hearty laugh in which Mrs. Barley and Jim joined respectfully.

Mrs. Barley cut her laugh short to say priggishly, "Oh, but it is sometimes, you know. Edward the Confessor or whoever king it was *did* have a foot measuring a foot, and that's why, isn't it?"

The effect of this information on Mr. Dole was exactly what Mrs. Barley expected. He didn't seem to have heard it.

Jim, however, returning from the cod-frying inferno in the back-ground, took the full weight of the statement and gave Mrs. Barley as direct an answer as had ever come out of this fish-shop.

"It was for lino, see?" he said. "When it's lino you got to be careful. Now, for a carpet you've got a bit round the edge, but when you

think that lino's that price a yard——"

"What price is it now, by the way?" said Mrs. Barley. "I've been meaning to look."

"Course, they don't make it like they used to," said Mr. Dole, dropping his knife, turning until he faced halfway between it and Mrs. Barley, and gazing fiercely at the shop opposite. "There was a time when you could take a bit of lino, I'm telling you, and bend it back like that——" his hand rose slowly and grasped the air—"and you knew what you was getting. And now!" He picked up his knife again. "Jute's the trouble, they tell me."

And linseed oil, thought Mrs. Barley. But what she said was: "Don't they use sisal? I read about growing it in Africa, or was that only for coconut matting? I know we've got some in the hall." She had a sudden fear that Mr. Dole might take this as an observation on groundnuts—a ridiculous idea, as she realized immediately. Mr. Dole just took it as something else he hadn't heard. Anyway he was listening to Jim, who seemed to have the right harmonics in his voice, or something.

"It was thirty-eight inches wide," said Jim. "That was the trouble, see? You got to take how many feet in the room and then have two inches every yard to reckon for, and you got to allow so as not to waste them, haven't you?"

"It's not a question of waste," said Mr. Dole. "It's a question of measuring that room and getting it right, and I'm telling you that if you'd walked round that room with your stocking feet instead of a ruler you wouldn't be where you are now."

Mrs. Barley was glad they had got back to this because there was something she desperately wanted to say. She wanted to ask Mr. Dole if he would actually buy his lino on the strength of one foot placed in front of the other.

"Mind you," Mr. Dole went on, "when you come to buy your lino you'd be a fool if you didn't go back with a tape-measure. You only

want to say 'I need about twenty yards. You got twenty yards?' And they'd say yes, or no as might be, and you'd know where you are and this wouldn't have happened. Missing as good a piece of lino as you'll see nowadays, and I'm telling you."

It occurred to Mrs. Barley that this was the way to get your answers; just not ask the questions. This made it all the sillier of her to say, as she took the parcels from Jim, "If you wear a ten sock isn't it true that your foot is ten inches long?"

"Young lady," said Mr. Dole, pointing his knife at her, "my foot is ten and a half inches long, and ten and a half inches it's been since the day I stopped growing. And what's more, twelve stone and three pound is not a pound more or less than I've weighed for the last twenty-eight years."

"Really?" said Mrs. Barley, keenly. "That's pretty good, isn't it?"

Mr. Dole gave her another look, the look of a man mortally insulted, and said "Four and twopence."

Leaving the shop, Mrs. Barley found that she still had something on her mind, something she had at one moment thought she might have said. She recalled that it was a rider to the effect that the king with the foot would probably not be Edward the Confessor but possibly Henry VIII.

ANDE





"And now, just at the very peak of the cold war, Stentor's gone and lost his voice."

THE COSMIC MESS

MANY ingenious suggestions have been made concerning London's water supply. One gentleman wants to bring the Severn to the rescue of the Thames. Another would draw off flood-water and pump it into the "water-table" below the City (if this column has got it right).

This column has always wondered why we cannot make some use of the sea. A sea-water pipeline from Brighton or the North Sea to London would provide full employment for a lot of chaps. Sea-water swimming-baths would do us all good: and the rich, perhaps, might have the sea laid on to their homes. Could we not use it for cleaning the streets—and cars, perhaps? The City with a morning coat of brine would be wonderfully invigorating to the toiling masses; though brine on the limousine

might not be so popular. And cannot fresh water be made from seawater? Anyhow, Planners, give the thing a thought.

* * * * *

This column, it believes, still belongs to the Anti-Noise League: and it suggests that here is a fit subject for United Nations or the European Council. If Freedom from Din is not mentioned in the Declaration of the Rights of Man it should surely be added at once. Take, for example, the famous and fascinating little harbour of — in Northern Italy, a deep-blue pool in a ring of steep hills—pink and yellow houses, green shutters, olives, cypresses, oleanders, palms, attractive *ristorantes* with coloured umbrellas all round the tiny piazza—a place of fantastic delight and, at sunrise, peace. God and Man have both done a wonderful job, and the

Government firmly controls new building so that the appearance of the place shall never be spoiled. But an English literary man who has gone there to write a book told this column that all day the noise in this fabulous haven was "like Piccadilly". That was an insult to Piccadilly. In Piccadilly, for one thing, there are no small boats with "outboard motors". If there were the police would be after them at once. They should be banned from the ocean by an international statute. Some of them, it seems, can be "silenced", as the owner proudly demonstrates. But he has not got five yards away before he cuts out the silencer and makes a noise like a bomber. The haven of peace is full of these useful little pests. There are also speedboats roaring about, and cabin-cruisers with enormously powerful engines which are "revved up" constantly and sound like a cage of

lions before lunch. On the twisting cliff-road above the village, cars and buses sound their high-pitched tinny horns almost continuously, and whenever two vehicles meet at a corner the shriek of brakes comes down the mountain. Small ferry-vessels ply in and out of the harbour. One of them has a wailing-machine like the sirens used by H.M. destroyers, and the engines of another can almost drown an out-board motor. The fiendish yells of Italian children bathing or bounding on the rocks, are, of course, pretty similar to the yells of British children, and no international action is to be expected there. But a Government so wise as to protect the beauties of the place from thoughtless Modern Man might be expected to think of ears as well as eyes and do something about excessively noisy boats and unnecessary hooting and horning.

Do not think, by the way, that the Mediterranean din dies down with darkness. You may anchor half a mile out but the crooners will get you. The yacht dips gently on the calm blue sea. There are the Moon, and Jupiter, to the southward, and the Bear rides proudly over the Ligurian Alps. You take a last look round the sky, remark how peaceful it is, and turn in. Then the crooner begins—far-off, but it seems a few yards away: and till any hour the mariner is reminded what power can be given by the microphone to one small man with hardly any voice.

One place, on a Sunday, had other noises, all its own. At every quarter a clock struck eleven times. At 11.15 a cannon was fired; at midnight there were two rifle-shots, and at 1.0 A.M. three. Then this column went to sleep.

* * * * *

Talking of noise, this column cannot record any striking victories in the battles against the noise of aeroplanes or low-flying over London. It is tired of counting the monsters, sometimes four-engined, which roar over its roof at under 2,000 feet, and often more like 1,000.

(If any official person, by the way, feels like disputing that assertion, he is invited to spend a day in this column's garden, which lies, alas, under one of the main "approach-lanes". Indeed, it is locally believed that this column's bathroom is one of the main targets, and, one day, will be hit.) It is no use blaming the pilots, they say; for on entering the Metropolitan Zone, or whatever it is called, they come under orders, both for course and altitude.

So we are up against the high-ups, and this column would like to put two or three nasty questions to them. It quite understands that, since some thoughtless ass decided to put Northolt and Heathrow north-west and west of London, and the main runways must be aligned to the prevailing wind, some flying over the crowded capital is unavoidable (though it still thinks that the noisy beasts should be routed round London instead of over whenever possible, and doubts if this is done). It reluctantly accepts that when the cloud "ceiling" is low the things may have to do some pretty low groping over this column's bath-room. *But why do they fly just as low in sunny weather when there is not a cloud in the sky?*

This column may be told that it is only about seven miles from Northolt and that that is not enough for losing height (one more reason, if that is correct, for not putting air-ports west of London). But what about this column's flight from Nice? This column flew safely and comfortably from Nice in a British two-engined thing, going up to about 9,000 feet over the (?) Cevennes. It reached the Channel coast on a glorious sunny evening with lots of sunlight to go. From there to Northolt—about fifty or sixty miles—it flew at a uniform height which this column would certainly have described as "low" if it had been one of the numerous inhabitants of peaceful villages below, and did describe as "low" when we went over a hill. Was that necessary? Was that according to the orders of "Control"? And another thing. Why do air-things

fly over a bathroom in this part of London going due north or south? The position of Northolt and Heathrow can be no excuse for that.

This column would like to add that it quite enjoyed its flights to Nice and back, not only because all concerned in the enterprise were very courteous, competent, and quick, but because it managed to nip aboard and get one of the few seats where you can see something besides the wing. Why, by the way, don't air-things have glass panels in the deck or floor so that one could see what is below from any seat?

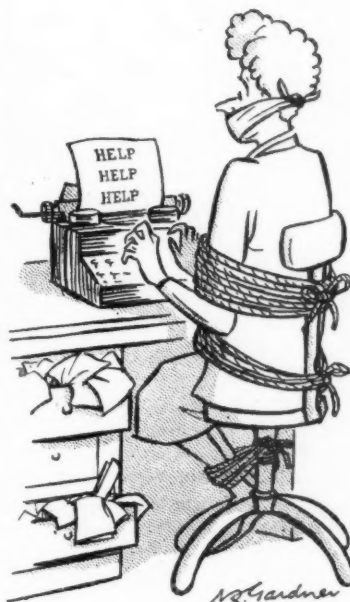
And just one other thing. This column bitterly resented the complete absence of an Air Hostess.

A. P. H.

2 2

Souvenir

HERE I sit
And knit
And remember
other days
When I sat
And knat.



PASSENGER ENQUIRY

BELOVED one, whose heart is like a stone,
Grant me the recompense for all my pains
And murmur softly through this telephone
Tremendous tidings of the times of trains.

Long, long ago I rang, and I was told
Your admirable number was engaged;
And still I wait to hear your voice of gold.
Be calm, my heart, and be not so enraged.

For many others must of trains divine
The secret movements She alone can tell;
And many others travel to the Tyne,
And, not content, must eat and sleep as well.

And is there lunch on the eleven-ten?
And is there breakfast on the eight-fifteen?

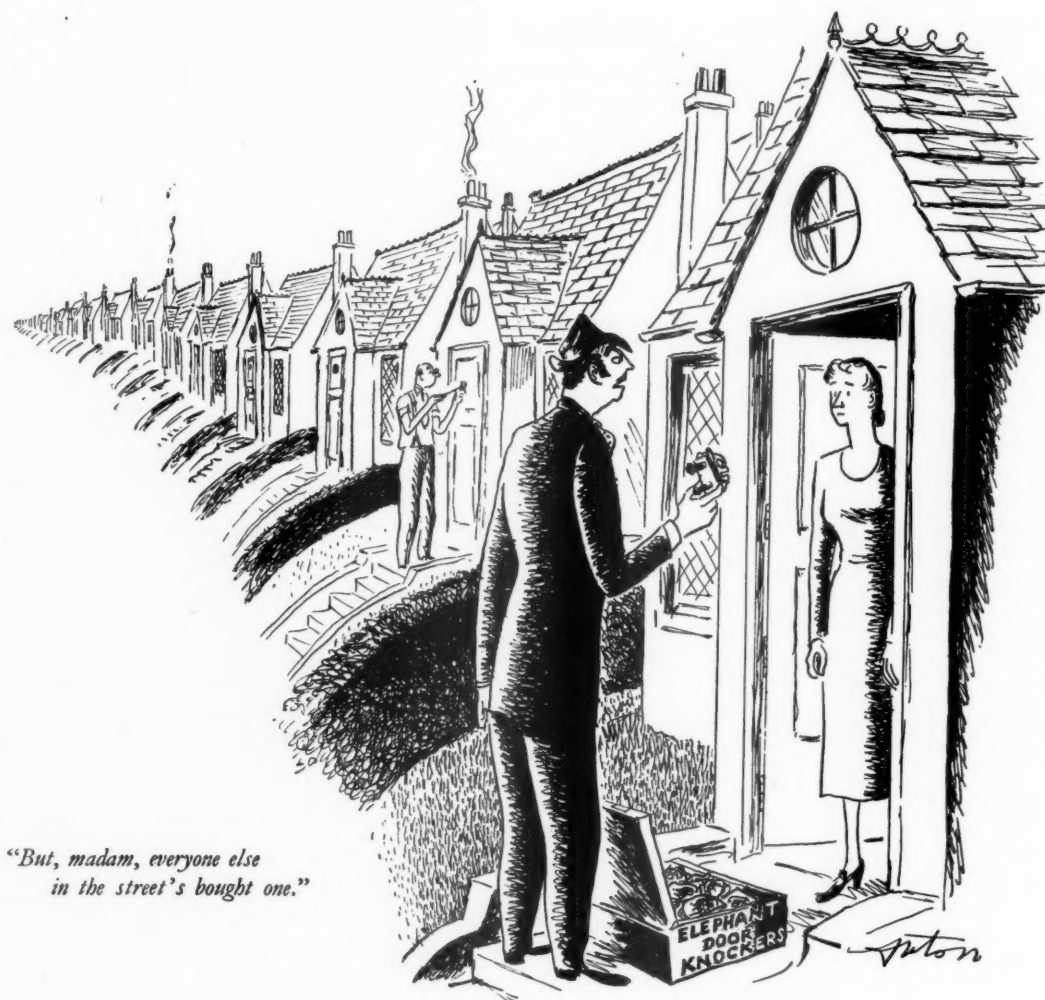
Tell them of these sweet mysteries, and then
Put yourself swiftly through to me, my Queen.

The taxi pants without, as pants my heart,
And in this earpiece distant voices yell.
Too soon my telephone and I must part—
Must I lose you, and lose my train as well?

Is't but an hour that I have lingered here,
Knowing the growing weight of dull despair,
The unavailing earpiece to my ear,
The little sparrows nesting in my hair?

Break that engagement ere it is too late,
And speak to me, adored, and tell me true,
Can I book seats upon the seven-eight,
And must I change, and must it be at Crewe?

R. P. LISTER



*"But, madam, everyone else
in the street's bought one."*

AT THE PLAY

Faust (OPEN AIR THEATRE, REGENT'S PARK)—*The Return of Peter Grimm* (ALDWYCH)

GOETHE was born in 1749, and London is in debt, as usual, to Mr. ROBERT ATKINS and the Open Air Theatre for marking his bicentenary with *Faust* (now over), in which much of the poet's own philosophical development is reflected. It is an extraordinary mix-up of lofty thought and Christmas magic, of Teutonic romance and—among the spotlit boskage of Regent's Park—Whipsnade pantomime, of high Christianity and low witchcraft, but it makes a rewarding evening and Mr. ATKINS' production blends these strange elements imaginatively. There are slabs of moral declamation which no producer could make dramatic, but once night falls the beauty of the scene is in itself arresting. Dark is used as tellingly as light. The gambols of the apes of hell, the horrid meeting of the coven take on a splendid glow from bushes turned to flame from the bright greens of an aquarium, but excitement gathers in such scenes as that of *Margaret's* prayer, when a corner of the stage is brilliantly lit and the rest of it is left mysteriously inky.

This English version, sound and smoothly flowing, is by Messrs. GRAHAM and TRISTAN RAWSON. Of the two main characters, the *Mephistopheles* of Mr. ANTONY EUSTREL was much the better. He was the very devil of a devil—gay, insolent and fairly crackling with intelligence, a leader of fiends in his own right. As *Faust* Mr. RICHARD AINLEY spoke well and looked well, but scarcely altered his kindly expression, in spite of adventures denied to most of us, through a long and, if I am to be honest, soporific performance. Miss OLIVE GREGG made an affecting *Margaret*, Miss PAULA SABINA a richly earthy *Martha*,

and in *Valentine's* brief scene Mr. AUBREY WOODS showed himself, not for the first time, a young actor of marked promise. Three beautiful archangels (the second of the adaptors played *Raphael*) addressed

I understand *The Return of Peter Grimm* has moved some critics to tears, but its sugar content is too heavy for my taste. Before the First War it is said to have reduced New York almost to a swamp. Since

then, however, we have had so much to cry about in earnest that by now we should be proof against the easy ravages of naively artificial sentimentality. Mr. DAVID BELASCO's story is quite absurd. An old Dutch bulb-grower settled in America—an inveterate pater of children's heads, like Hitler—persuades his adopted daughter to promise to marry his rake of a nephew, and instantly dies; and having agreed with his spiritualist doctor to come back, appears surmounted by his gamboge top-hat

to undo the results of his fuddled benevolence and turn the unhappy girl to an upright youth who loves her truly. When at last—and rather a long last it is—things are straightened up, the ghost takes away with him a small boy whose demise seemed to me directly attributable to the doctor's habit of carrying a feverish patient about the house in the middle of the night. It is only fair to add that to some extent the piece is saved by the old man's puckish humour, and that, though he plays him without a great deal of variety, Mr. HARRY GREEN contrives a certain charm and sincerity in the part.

ERIC KEOWN



[The Return of Peter Grimm]

Thought Transference

Dr. Andrew MacPherson—Mr. MICHAEL MARTIN HARVEY;
Catherine—Miss MURIEL PAVLOW; Peter Grimm—Mr. HARRY GREEN

us with dignity from the grove, a bevy of witches, spooks, monkeys and assorted symbolic figures (from which it was a relief to note that Economic Chaos was missing) romped tirelessly, and an enviable table was provided that delivered jets of all the more acceptable fluids.



[Faust]

Soul Transference

Mephistopheles—Mr. ANTONY EUSTREL

Recommended

DEATH OF A SALESMAN—*Phoenix*—First-rate American tragedy, with Paul Muni.

THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM—*Lyric*—Late Restoration brilliance.

TOUGH AT THE TOP—*Adelphi*—Cochran's new musical.

THE LATE EDWINA BLACK—*Ambassadors*—Neat psychological thriller.



"That'll be one-and-six, sir."

WEEK-END WALK

YOU ought to take a nice walk and see a bit of the country. Do you good. Take my advice and get the two-ten bus to Mintering and walk down through the woods. Your aunt never has her tea till half-past four.

HALF-PAST FOUR, dear. I was telling them their Aunt Mabel never has her tea till HALF-PAST FOUR.

I took your mother there last week.

Wasn't that a pretty walk we went last week, dear? Through the woods to Aunt Mabel's? The WALK, from MINTERING. Very PRETTY. To AUNT MABEL'S.

It was much too far for her, she was quite done up.

You'll have to go down to the post office and get the two-ten going *past* it, not the other way. Yes, I know they both do. Past it from here. The conductor is Winnie Biggs's husband. Winnie Biggs. Biggs. Well, her aunt cleaned for your mother for years. Miss Ward.

MISS WARD, dear. I was just

telling them about WINNIE'S HUSBAND.

No, no, she's been past it for some time now. Ask him to put you down at Mintering corner, before you get into the village.

Well, then don't go on, go back and down a little lane to the left, by the wells. You know the three wells? Yes, of course, you know them. Not know the three wells! I thought you had picnics there when you were children. Anyone will tell you. Well, then you can't miss the way—just straight on and through the meadows and into the woods, and *straight on*. Keep in the middle of the valley.

You can't miss it. Where you see the gamekeeper's cottage, branch off to the left. Well, you're bound to know it's the gamekeeper's cottage when you see it. It's in the middle of the valley, above the pool, outside the wood, on a stony path. You can't possibly miss it.

Go on past it and then turn . . . Well, your common sense will tell you the way. You come out by Miss Hammond's cottage.

Miss Hammond's cottage. Miss Hammond. Your grandmother knew her very well. We used to take tea with her very often. That's what made me think of this walk from Mintering.

MISS HAMMOND, dear. I was telling them about her COTTAGE.

No, no, it's no good asking for her, she's been dead twenty-five years or more. But you know the cottage—it's got a blue gate. Well, you'll see it. That's where you start turning up the hill.

It isn't a *road*, it's a lot of paths. There used to be a little boy with a mop of red hair always bowling a hoop up and down one of them: an iron hoop it was, with a stick attached to it. You don't see them now. No, many years ago, it must have been. His son was twice mentioned in dispatches. He did very well.

MENTIONED IN DISPATCHES, dear. Young TONY SMITH—you know, his father used to play up and down with that iron hoop. IRON HOOP. What? His *uncle*? Well, that couldn't have been *this* war.

Well, perhaps it was the brother mentioned in dispatches. Yes, that might have been it. Anyway, the boy did very well in this war. Plays cricket for the town now. Big fellow.

No, no, they don't live there any more. They got on, and bought a house at Upton. You remember where Miss Watkins used to live, who had the parrot? Well, the next house to that.

They've cut back the nettles and brambles, so you can get up the back lane to your aunt's, by the little chapel. It saves a corner.

I was telling them how they've CLEARED THE NETTLES, dear. Yes, it is steep, but their legs are YOUNGER THAN OURS.

You've seen a photograph of your aunt's new house, so you can't mistake it. I can't understand how you never went to the three wells when you were children—not so many buses in those days, I suppose. You'll find it a pretty walk. Don't forget to keep to the middle of the valley. You can't go wrong. But I shan't take your mother that way again. It was too much for her.

BOOKING OFFICE

The Tudor Century

IF ever there were a moment when that spirit of sweetness and light which for Matthew Arnold was the essence of culture seemed to have descended upon England it was surely when Grocyn and Linacre, Colet and More were foregathering at Oxford and Erasmus was their cherished and delighted guest. It really looked as though learning and reason and religion had contracted a triple alliance which was to be a permanent *entente cordiale*. This, of course, was an illusion—it takes more than a handful of scholars to make a cultural summer—and at any rate the halcyon moment was brief. It was less than twenty years after the greatest of the Wandering Scholars had paid his first visit to England—to find the girls “as pleasant, gentle and charming as the Muses” or as the conversation of Thomas More—when Luther launched the bolt that was to shake the western world into a very ecstasy of controversy and an unimagined bitterness of war. But it was a beautiful moment while it lasted; and its most radiant facet, the one which (at least for ordinary folk not overmuch given to theology) has sparkled most clearly down the ages was the friendship between the wittiest of Dutchmen and the more amiable of Chelsea’s sages.

This, in part, is the theme of a book by Mr. W. E. Campbell, already known as an authority on the English saint. But only in part, for the title of the book is *Erasmus, Tyndale and More*, and Tyndale, who was regarded by his antagonists as Luther’s foremost English henchman, was as different in temper as in intention from those others. Several of Mr. Campbell’s chapters are occupied with the pamphlet-battles of More and Tyndale, and if few readers will be tempted to pursue the argument through (say) the nearly half-million words of More’s “Confutation,” many will be glad of an ample anthology of his luminous and persuasive prose. Which side Mr. Campbell, a pious *alumnus* of Downside, takes in this controversy need not be laboured; but he is no polemist and can be fair to those whom he cannot approve. Naturally, however, he is on better terms with More and Erasmus, whom he displays not only in their humanism but in their humanity and their humour, of which both had so much—More with his perennial attractiveness and Erasmus with the venial weaknesses which were hardly a blemish on one of the most enlightened spirits the world has known. Some of his sentences are, perhaps, a little odd in their construction, but Mr. Campbell has written an excellent book.

“Thou art the cause of this man’s death,” Henry the Eighth is reported to have said to Anne Boleyn, when More had gone to the block. And Anne, who was Wolsey’s bane as well as More’s, was by most accounts one of the least admirable of England’s queens. Allure and intelligence she certainly had, but little else to commend her. Nor does Mrs. Margaret Campbell Barnes attempt her whitewashing. Rather has she constituted herself as it were her imaginative apologist—

seeing her as a young girl with the dreams that young girls are supposed to have, a minx but no crude gold-digger, the pawn of a scheming family and prey to an increasing ambition which corrupted and at last destroyed her. Mrs. Barnes gives her fancy free play with the facts of history. Henry Percy becomes the one love of Anne’s life and Wyatt the poet her faithful though unrewarded adorer; and though both were substantial figures they had but an uncertain place in the queen’s authenticated story. None the less, *Brief Gaudy Hour* is a plausible as well as a lively picture of bright young Tudor people. The novelist may, or rather must, make assumptions where the historian can only conjecture.

Miss J. Delves-Broughton makes one very big assumption—that Anne Boleyn’s daughter was Leicester’s mistress. By the validity of that her reading of Elizabeth’s character stands or falls, and it is a convincing reading. *Crown Imperial* is an absorbing re-creation of Elizabeth’s England and (that one cardinal assumption apart) very close to what is certainly known. All that high company of reckless and crafty men, of scheming and devoted women, comes alive in it, with a ruthlessly patriotic and very human queen its genuine heroine. Maybe, for some, there will be a thought too much public history. But, after all, what better novel is there than the true story of Tudor England?

FRANCIS BICKLEY



"Not a banger in the place. Lucky we brought our own."

An English Traveller

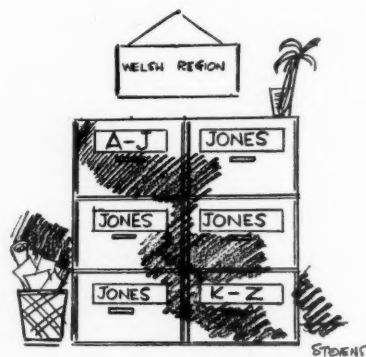
Mr. Douglas Goldring, like Dr. Joad, has "Tory tastes and Radical opinions." He loves the Old England of Medieval Churches, leaf-reflecting rivers, Georgian inns and William Cobbett; he hates Fascism, the apathetic acceptance of the probability of another war, the less attractive characteristics of the English gentry and the Little Wens created by the War Office on the English countryside. His cranky gusto makes *Home Ground* tremendous fun. This account of a holiday in which he shot from the Kentish coast to Dorset and then charged across the Southern Midlands looking at buildings and talking to people in pubs is extremely readable. Greater care might have made his descriptions of places more memorable—his actual writing is often slapdash—but possibly it would have reduced the drive and inconsequent charm of his delightful book. When he gets a bad meal he says so and mentions with contumely the name of the offending hotel. This will endear him to many readers.

R. G. G. P.

Pilot's Eye View

Mr. Douglas Simpson's learned introduction and summary notes on a hundred and twelve *Castles from the Air* in England and Wales whet, without perhaps entirely satisfying, our appetite for knowledge of a fascinating subject. But it may well be his deliberate design to send us direct to these admirable photographs to work out for ourselves, more laboriously but more rewardingly, from his sufficient hints, the process of development of the medieval castle from the palisaded mound of the Normans through various combinations of motte, donjon, bailey, towered curtain walls, gatehouse, barbican and moat. And indeed these views have something of the value of architects' isometric projections, time's decay and siege artillery having obligingly removed screening walls and roofs. It seems odd and regrettable that there is no mention of the men who made these superb pictures with such a skilful and dramatic manipulation of light and shade that they might have been posing their subjects in the studio.

J. P. T.



A Naturalist's Year-book

Mr. Brian Vesey-FitzGerald has his own technique as a field-naturalist. He potters, he says, purposefully by night and day, arresting his course to observe with infinite patience whatever is worth recording. He does not fish, he angles. He would as soon ferret as shoot. He is the expert dilettante so endearingly allied to the Irish tinker and speaking four languages, who appears with staid but not less vital figures in the Hampshire of *A Country Chronicle*. This cherishable book has been thrice reprinted since 1942: and rightly, for it has the classic Selborne touch applied to contemporary life. New slants on the conduct of such old friends as the badger go side by side with notes on displaced persons like *glis-glis*. In a book which encounters and overthrows so many scientific opponents it is amusing to note one literary lapse. The ivy, so far from lacking every man's good word, has been sung—at Dingley Dell—by Dickens.

H. P. E.

Tramp Royal

That far too little attention was paid in the days of our prosperity to a decent standard of comfort for the officers and men of the British Merchant Service is a fact of which this country has good reason to be ashamed, and it is well that the public conscience—always so strangely obtuse where maritime matters are concerned—appears to be awakening to a realisation of it. It is no doubt this point which Mr. Humfrey Jordan has had chiefly in mind in his novel *Blue Water Dwelling*, in which he tells the story of a super-tramp, built by a shipowner of vision to be at once a floating home and an economic proposition for a ship's company of co-partners. Mr. Jordan writes with all his customary knowledge of and enthusiasm for his subject; yet it cannot be forgotten that, paradoxically, all statistics go to prove that the drift from the sea—like that from the land—appears to increase in direct proportion to the amenities provided to check it.

C. F. S.

Books Reviewed Above

Erasmus, Tyndale and More. W. E. Campbell. (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 15/-)

Brief Gaudy Hour. Margaret Campbell Barnes. (Macdonald, 10/6)

Crown Imperial. J. Delves-Broughton. (Faber, 12/6)

Home Ground. Douglas Goldring. (Macdonald, 12/6)

Castles from the Air. Douglas Simpson. (Country Life, 30/-)

A Country Chronicle. Brian Vesey FitzGerald. (Chapman and Hall, 9/6)

Blue Water Dwelling. Humfrey Jordan. (Hodder and Stoughton, 10/6)

Other Recommended Books

Freak Alibi. D. Ludlow Pitman. (Falcon Press, 7/6) Light-hearted, briskly-written thriller set in Holland; murder, pursuit, violent action, gay boy-girl badinage. Home-made but much influenced by American works of the same kind.

British Film Yearbook 1949-1950. Edited by Peter Noble. (Skelton Robinson, 21/-). Very much bigger than previous volumes (722 pp.): stuffed with classified information, biographies, names and addresses, cast lists and production credits of films, stills, and about thirty summing-up articles by various authorities.

The Flanagan Boy. Max Catto. (Harrap, 8/6) Vivid and efficient story of boxing and love, with a murder thrown in.

WILL YOU CREW FOR ME?

I HAVE been asked to Crew in a Race, and find myself in the bottom of a small boat. Above me, farther aft, with the handle or tiller under his arm, sits the Man whose crew I am. He has a yachting-cap and a lantern jaw, and I wish the pretty young lady in the blue hat had asked me to crew for her instead.

I have cast off our moorings—a little too soon, as it turned out, but there was no mishap—and am now seated on a split floorboard and can see nothing except when the boat heels over. When this happens, which is frequently, there is a moment in which I can see a good deal before the mainsail comes down and cuts off my view again. Then I can see nothing but water.

In my left hand I have a rope that resists me strongly. This is the lee jib-sheet, controlling the small sail out in front, and I wish I could fasten it to something; but I cannot, because my right hand is occupied with another rope and supports some—perhaps all—of the weight of the iron centreboard.

Other ropes are tangled about my feet, with which I try to sort them out. This is not a success, since I need both feet to brace me against the pull of the jib. I pass the jib-sheet into my right hand, whence it begins immediately to slide away, what time the centreboard rope tries to eat away the webby bit that holds the thumb on to the hand. I hope the Man will not notice.

He does.

Without warning the Man suddenly cries "Lee-o!", pushes the tiller right over to the other side of the boat and shifts himself across with it. I let the jib-sheet go, catch it again at the Man's exclamation, pause, let it go again and haul in the one on the other side. I drop this as soon as I find that it is only another part of the first one, find the right one and haul it in. The centreboard goes down with a bang.

I am now on the small of my



"... and at about this point some member of the party usually lags behind the main body, loses all sense of direction, and is never heard of again."

back, with a clear view of the sky—and also, unfortunately, of the Man, who glances down at me superciliously. I am not in a position either to resent this or to contribute anything to the navigation of the vessel. He realizes this and tells me to move. I do so and turn round, bruising myself painfully against the sharp corner of the centreboard.

I now have a free hand and

loosen the lanyard of the Man's stop-watch, which is twisted tightly round my neck. I bring the watch round to the front so that I can see it.

A cannon is discharged, so close alongside that the shock starts the stop-watch, which is fortunate, as I was not expecting the explosion.

"Check the jib," says the Man,

playing out yards of mainsheet so that the mainsail begins to swing out.

I haul the jib in until the sheet twangs like a harp-string.

"Let it go!" bellows the Man in a voice that causes damage ashore. I do so with alacrity, remembering having read somewhere that in the Navy, to which this martinet belongs, to "check" means to "ease."

I can take things easy now and watch the coils of the mainsheet snaking out through the blocks. This rope, at any rate, is none of my responsibility. Suddenly comes a gust of wind and the mainsail flies out, and the sheet with it, with a crash. So do I: the sheet is round my ankle. Again I am on my back with a clear view of the sky, and again I wish I were with the pretty young lady in the blue hat. I have a bump on my head.

As I regain my composure another piece of artillery is discharged. Convulsively I press the stop-watch button. It stops. Luckily I notice this and furtively press the button twice more, quickly. The hand begins to move again, and I estimate that the operation has taken five seconds. I do not know what this gun is for, but evidently it is not our starting gun, as we do not seem to be starting, while several boats of another class do. Perhaps

it is our five-minute, or ten-minute, or two-minute gun. The Man himself seems uncertain, as after a little he asks "What's the time?"

"Must be getting on for eleven o'clock," I reply.

This is received with discourtesy and once more I wish . . .

"Gybe!" says the Man unexpectedly, immediately embarking on a brief but strenuous course of setting-up exercises.

I embark on something of the same sort, finishing up jammed under a seat, slightly stunned and suffering from a second and complementary bruise from the corner of the centreboard.

The Man lights a cigarette and orders me to look out to leeward. This involves much contortion, but I do it. The lanyard of the stop-watch is caught round something and is throttling me. Several boats are careering straight at us with apparent intention to ram. Perhaps this is what I am supposed to be looking out for, and I utter a croak.

The Man hears me and spins the boat about in the very nick of time. The lanyard breaks, and I come out of the black-out to hear a most forceful and regrettable remark from the leading helmsman of the other boats. It is the young woman in the blue hat.

I cannot find the stop-watch; and, indeed, I could not pick it up

if I did, as one hand is struggling with the jib-sheet, which has somehow worked its way round behind my back, and the other is jammed under the iron neck of the centreboard.

There is a good deal of shouting, much of it done by the man, but I am unable to get the gist of it. I catch an order to me to keep my eye on the ball, and soon I realize that he means a gold ball that runs up and down a black-and-white mast at the club-house to indicate the passage of minutes, or perhaps seconds; but for the moment I suppose that one or other of us has become delirious and fancies we are playing golf.

There comes another crash of artillery and instantly all is calm. At least, I reflect, they will know that I fell at my post, even if I have lost one shoe.

But no: it is just that we have borne away for the first mark. The race has begun. There will be much more wind outside the harbour and perhaps we shall have a little excitement.

§ §

Truant

"Charged with being an absentee from the Parachute Regiment, Aldershot, since July 14, Pte. — (aged 80), whose home is at Merton, was remanded to await an escort, by Wimbledon Magistrates on Saturday."

Wimbledon paper



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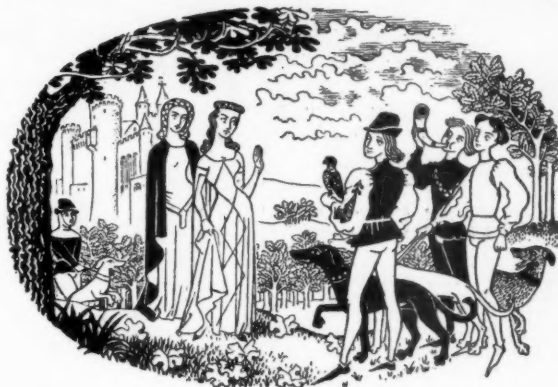
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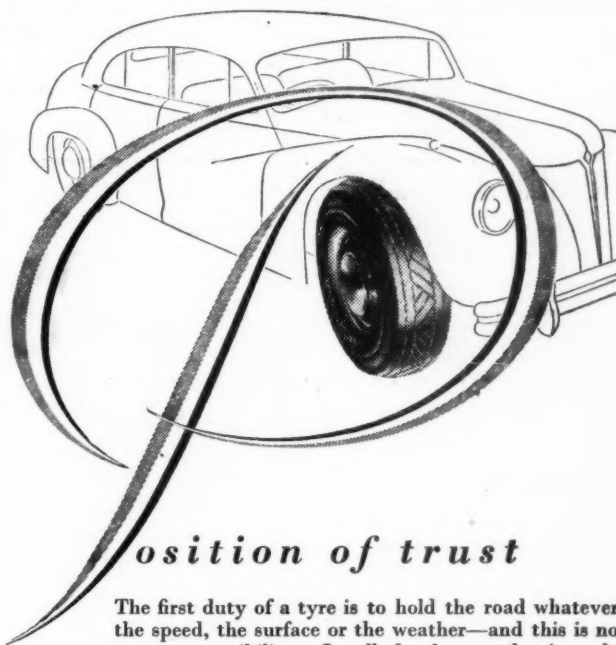
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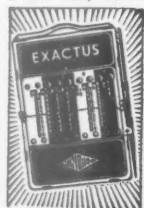
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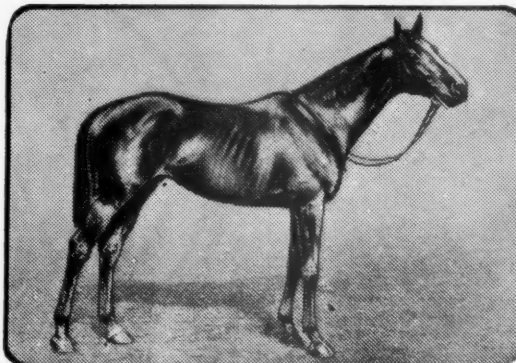
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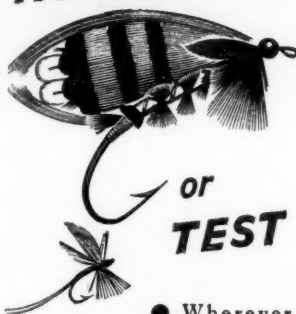
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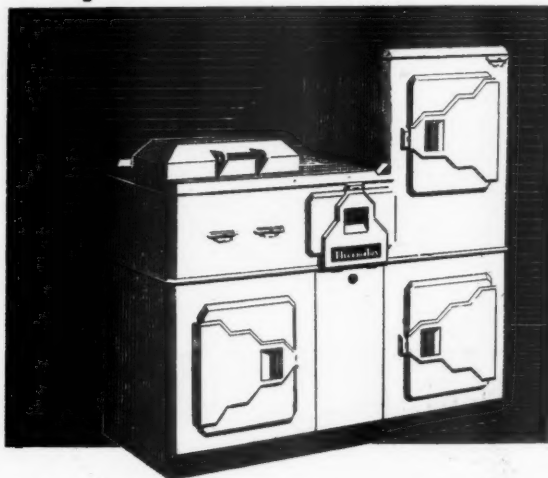
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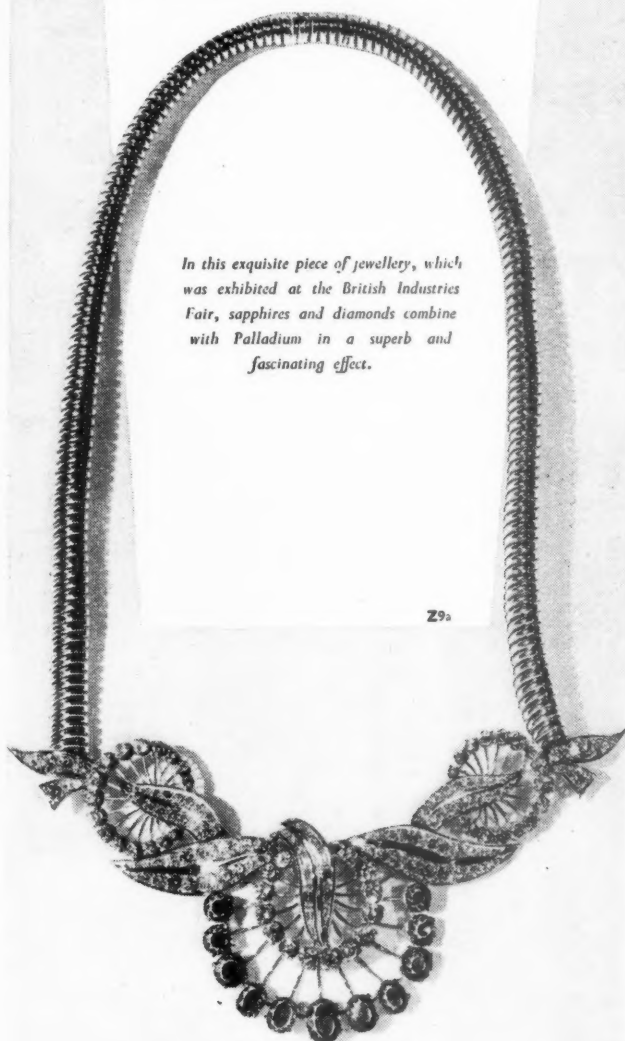


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TN39



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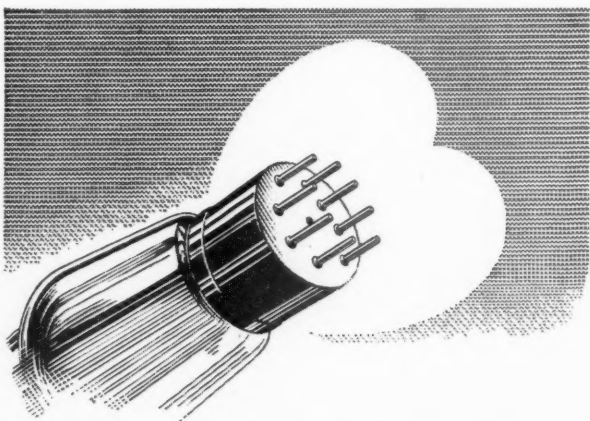
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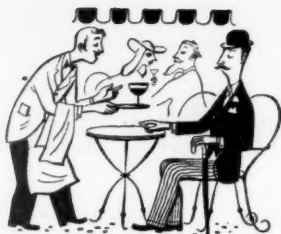


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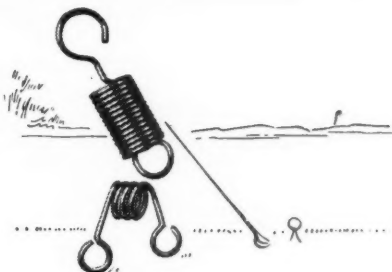
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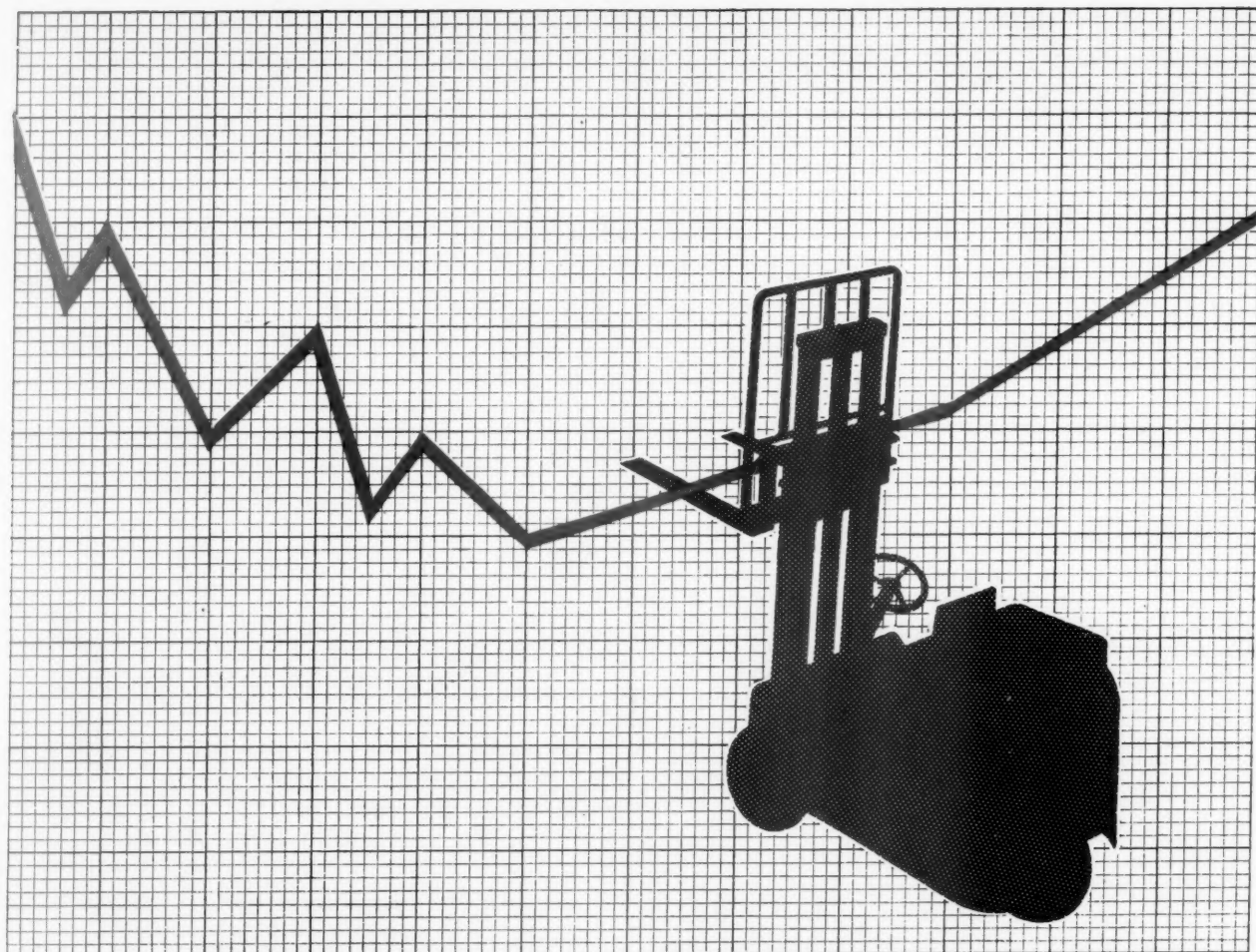
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